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THE MANIAC'S SECRET:

—OR, THE—

PRIVATEER OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE OLD MAN'S LIFE STORY.

TOWARDS evening Rolin Lincoln came to the cot of Matthew Clyne. He entered the little sitting-room, and he found it cold and cheerless. The fire upon the hearth was all gone, and the wide settee was empty. He looked around, but no one was to be seen. He called upon Belinda—upon Matthew, but he gained no reply. With a sinking heart he pushed open the door that led to the old man s bed-room, and there lay the poor fisherman stretched upon his couch.

"Ha," the youth uttered to himself, "he is taken sick, and Belinda has gone for the doctor. Matthew—Matthew," he cried, laying his hand upon the old man's shoulder, "what ails you? Here—look up. It is I—Rolin. What is the matter?"

Matthew Clyne started up to his elbow and gazed vacantly about him.

"No—no!" he uttered, grinding his teeth, "you cannot have her! You shall not have her. Leave my house at once, for she shall never be yours! Out, I say!"

"Matthew Clyne! Matthew—do you know to whom you are speaking? Matthew, don't you know me? Don't you know Rolin Lincoln?"

"Rolin—Rolin Lincoln?" whispered the old man, rising to a sitting posture.

"Yes. It is I. What ails you? Tell me?"

The old man raised his hand to his head, and Rolin saw blood there, where the gray hair was discolored and clotted, just back of the temple. He started forward and placed his hand upon the spot, and he found a wound there.

"How came this?" he asked, anxiously. "Have you fallen?"

Matthew Clyne gazed strangely into the young man's face, but yet he made no reply. His gaze was not fixed, but vacant and meaningless, as though his thoughts had all left him. Rolin raised him further up, to an easy sitting position, and then examined the wound upon his head. It was a heavy bruise, but the skull was not fractured, and the blow was made with some sort of a club. As soon as the youth was assured that the hurt was not absolutely dangerous, he tried once more to get at some knowledge of what had happened, and gradually the old man began to manifest signs of returning reason.

"What has happened, Matthew?" the youth asked, sitting down by his old friend's side and placing his arm about his neck. "What does all this mean? Have you got a fall—and has Belinda gone for a doctor?"

"Belinda!" gasped Matthew, starting, and clasping his hands. "Rolin—she's gone!"

"Gone!" repeated the youth, starting with terror. "Gone where?"

"Gone away forever! O, I have feared this more than I dared to tell. I feared they would come and take her!"

"But who? Who came and took her? For the love of mercy, Matthew, tell me what you mean?"

"It's cold here, Rolin. Who put me to bed? Why am I here? Let's go out where there is a fire."

"The fire is gone out. But I will build one at once. Only first tell me where is Belinda?"

"Her father has taken her away."

"Her father!"

"Yes—her own father."

"And you—are—not— But you know not yet what you say. She has gone for the doctor," said Rolin.

"For the doctor?" murmured the old man. "Why should I want him?"

"For that wound on your head."

Matthew put his hand up, and soon a look of intelligence passed over his features.

"Ah, Rolin, they struck me there when I would have protected my child. But let us go where it is warm, and I will tell you."

Rolin was almost frantic with agonizing fears, but yet he saw that if he found a warmer berth for the poor man he should be more apt to get the truth plainly, so he went at once to the other room, and having found some kindling stuff, he soon had a brisk fire burning. He saw that the tea-kettle was hung over with only a small quantity of water in it, so that it might quickly heat; and then he went and mixed a glass of spirit and sugar. By this time the room was beginning to grow warm, and the youth went in to help the old man out. He found him quite weak and unsteady, but he helped him to the settee without much difficulty, and then he noticed that the water in the kettle was hot; so he poured some of it into the glass of spirit he had mixed, and handed it to the old man, who drank it down with avidity.

"That helps me, Rolin," said Matthew, as he handed back the glass. "That helps me."

"Now tell me of Belinda."

A cloud came over the old man's face, and his frame shook with emotion, but he soon gained composure enough to tell the story just as the events had happened. He gave the conversation just about as it took place, and ended with the blow which felled him, and the last wail of distress which he heard from the lips of Belinda.

"Then she is at Danton's now," uttered Rolin.

"I suppose so."

"Then I'll hasten there at once," cried the youth, starting to his feet. "By the heavens above me, I'll take her from them if I have to take every tory life in their house!"

"Hold on, Rolin. Wait a moment. Be not in a hurry. She will be kept there a week yet."

"What—wait and see her kept there? See her beneath the very roof with Abner Danton?"

"But her father is with her now."

"Her *father!*" groaned Rolin, sinking back into his seat. "But tell me, Matthew, why you never told me of this before? Belinda always thought you were her father."

"I know it, Rolin, but—"

The old man stopped and put his hand up to his head, for it pained him much. The youth in his flurry had forgotten the wound, but he started up now, and having cleansed the place with soap and water, he bathed it in spirit, and then bound it up. After this the fisherman went on:

"I was alone in the world. My wife and child had been swept away from me, and I was a poor, miserable man."

"But you never told me of this before," said Rolin, with some surprise.

"No," returned Matthew, with a shudder—"because I never could bear to recur to it. Many men not so stout as I am, have borne such things better, but O, that stroke went to my heart, and I did not dare even to think of it. But I will tell you, Rolin. When I was thirty-three years old, I commanded as noble a ship as ever carried a sail; and at that time I was married to one whom I loved as only a devout worshipper can love. I had been engaged to the maiden of my choice several years, but I had resolved that I would not marry until I had command of a ship. That came, and I was married. I may have been foolish, but yet I worshipped my wife. She was all in all to me, and I knew that she loved me equally as well. Time passed on, and we were blessed with a child—a girl—a little bright-eyed thing—like other children, I suppose, but all to me. My child was three months old when I was called upon to sail again. I could not leave my wife—it was impossible. I intimated that I would rather give up the sea. She thereupon offered to go with me—said she should like it, and I took her with me. I was bound to Bristol.

"For three weeks the weather was pleasant, and we were happy. O, how happy I was then. The sailors loved my wife, and they used to play with my child. The rough men, with their great hard hands, would handle the darling just like a feather, and she used to cry to go to them and be tossed about in their stout arms. At length I smelt the land breezes of Old England, and just at sundown, one warm, pleasant day we left Lundy Island on our quarter. In an hour after that the wind came out from the northward and westward, and commenced to blow a gale. I had the sail reduced to close-reefed main-topsail and foresail. At nine o'clock the sea ran so high that the foresail was of no use, and I ordered it taken in and the fore-topsail set. Had I set the fore-topsail first, all would have been well, for the foresail had been drawing some, and no sooner was it taken wholly off than the sea overtook us, and ere long the old ship was pooped. A mountain of water struck her dead aft and swept the deck. I was knocked into the loose bunt of the main spencer, and not hurt, but more than half of my crew were swept overboard, and all through my own carelessness. But fear for the safety of my wife had unnerved me. I hardly knew what I did, and as the gale increased, which it did every moment, I, who had always before been looked upon as the very pattern of coolness in times of danger, now grew more and more nervous, and my mind was fairly unhinged. I heard ever and anon—or thought I did—the groans of my wife, and they struck like fire-darts to my soul.

"Of course my first object, as I picked myself out from the bunt of the spencer, was to get the fore-topsail set. I passed the order—the second mate had gone overboard, but I thought he was on the yard. The lubbers hauled out both clues at the same time—or, rather let them both go. There was one snap—and the sheet-blocks were flying over the bows, and the sail snapping to pieces like wet paper. But all this time we had been driving on at a fearful rate. While the topsail was snapping, I heard the roar of breakers under our starboard bow. I knew 'twas the Bull's Head, or, Marle Point. Just then my wife came up from the cabin with her babe in her arms. I had turned towards them to send her below, when my eye caught a dark mountain astern. 'Twas another sea! I made one step and it was upon us! I had gained a headlong movement, and I made a grasp for my wife. I caught her dress—it tore from me, leaving a wide piece in my hand—I was jammed in between the mizzen rigging, but—my wife was—gone! My wife and child! I know I heard her shriek—I know I heard the low wail of my child, and I know I saw one white speck dance upon the crest of a mad wave, and then disappear—forever! I disengaged myself from the shrouds, and just then I heard my mate's voice by my side. I spoke to him: 'Save the ship if you can,' I said, 'for I am going with my wife.' Then I made a movement towards the rail, but the mate threw me back upon the deck, and I remembered no more until I found myself in my bunk, and the ship as still as a mouse. I went on deck, and we were safely moored at our wharf in Bristol. I had lain insensible four days!

"I went down on the coast of Devonshire, where we were on that dreadful night, but I could find no signs of my wife's body. I came home, and went to sea no more. Life was nothing to me then, and more than once did I think of putting an end to it myself; but I overcame the evil wish, and lived on. I came here and built this cot, and here I made it my home. I had money enough, but I fished to keep myself busy. Two years had passed away, when, as I went out one morning to go to my boat-house, I found a bundle of cloth upon my door-stone. I picked it up, and found a female child within. The little thing looked up into my face and smiled. I took it in and warmed it by the fire, and fixed it some warm milk. She could prattle then, and I knew she must be between two and three years old. I judged by its teeth. I asked her name, and she said 'twas '*Linda.*' I asked her if 'twas Belinda, and she said yes. I asked her a hundred questions, but all I could get from her was, '*Mammy gone*,' and '*Linda 'tarvin'*, *poor Linda 'tarvin'*.' I supposed, of course, that she had been taught to beg food, for she spoke this with a parrot-like exactness, and with that peculiar expression which one gives when imploring charity. I kept the little one, for no one came after it, and I felt that God had sent it to me to help atone for the bereavement I had suffered. She soon learned to call me father, and by degrees she seemed to forget that she had ever had any other protector. She grew up kind, generous and loving, and I could not bear to let her know that she was really a beggar's offspring. I knew she would be happier to think she was my own child, and I really felt that it would be wrong to dispel the illusion. She took that vacant place in my heart, and, O, how truly has she filled it. Now, Rolin, you know all."

For some time after the old man ceased speaking, the youth was silent. He was deeply affected, and he now fully sympathized with his old friend.

"But," he at length asked, "how came Jonas Danton to know of this secret?"

"Ah, Rolin, there were no such things as republicans then, for we all rested quietly under the rule of the king. Danton was very friendly to me, for he used to amuse himself in my boats, and get me to take himself and wife out on pleasant days to sail in the river and harbor. He was a justice, too, and I asked him, when he next came to my house, if there was any law by which I was required to advertise the child. He told me there was not. Of course, he then learned all about it, but he promised never to speak of it."

"And do you believe that this British major is really her father?"

"He must be, for his statement was clear as could be. But he has promised that at the end of a month, if Belinda is not satisfied, she shall return."

"And don't you know better than that?" cried Rolin, vehemently. "Has not Abner Danton sworn revenge? Has he not sworn that Belinda should be his? and is she not now beneath his own roof? And more, too: Is not old Danton able to do as he pleases with these British officers? O, she will never come back unless we can liberate her. At any rate, I will know her wish, and if she wishes to remain here she shall. I don't believe they could hire her to accompany them to Boston of her own free will; but I know they will force her there if they can! By my soul, I'll know, at least, what her wishes are."

"But be careful that you do not make Belinda's position worse."

"I'll be wary and guarded."

"And one thing more, Rolin: Why will you not come and live with me now? For I am all alone."

"I will, Matthew, I will. But first I must see Belinda. I will see her this very night, if I can."

"But you will come back here?"

"Yes. But it is near night now, and I must be off. It will be dark ere I reach Marshfield. I will see you before morning. Be careful, now, and keep in the house until I return. Don't worry, for your head wont bear it. Keep up a good heart, for God will bless the right."

With these words Rolin Lincoln left the house, and ere long his quick steps had died away in the distance. Poor Matthew was once more alone, and the deep gloom settled down again over his soul. He once more saw the mad sea that bore his wife and child away; he saw the little child that came to bless him in after time, and anon his mind reached the present with its thoughts. He gazed into the fire awhile, and then he bowed his head and wept aloud.

CHAPTER VIII.

A COMPACT.

WITHIN the private room of Jonas Danton, at Marshfield, sat that old tory with Balfour and Fitzgerald. A blazing fire burned upon the hearth, and upon the table around which the trio sat were several richly ornamented decanters and glasses. A kettle of water was standing upon the hob, and the sugar-bowl, nutmeg-grater, toddy-stick, and so on, plainly told how happy the party calculated to be.

"It's very plain," spoke Fitzgerald, whose tongue was already slightly thickened, "that the girl don't fancy us much, and I think we'll find it hard work to wean her affections from the old fisherman."

"Time will do it," replied Danton.

"It will, if you don't go at work to oppose her too strongly at first," resumed the major. "You can see she's got spunk and grit, and you may be sure you'll make nothing by trying to force her at present. Howsomever, I'll take her to Boston with me, and there I'll show her all the sights, and perhaps she'll forget all about her home down here in time."

"Of course," said Danton, "there is no use in commencing too harshly, but then we can have no sympathy for such a rank, unmitigated rebel as Matthew Clyne is; and the sooner such ideas are eradicated from the girl the better. Why, she is as rank as you please. She defies the king and all his troops, and even wishes she were a man, so that she might fight with the rebels. Now it's my opinion that Clyne knows something about the missing schooner; and if he knows about it, why may not the girl know?"

"Well, perhaps she does; but then 'twont do to commence right off to make a fuss with her. I'd like to get some hold upon that old man. By the holy kingdom, I wish I could know that he knew something about that scrape, I'd have it out of him. Balfour, mix another pitcher of that toddy. You make it capitally."

"Ay," answered the dumpy captain, rising from his seat, and reaching over after the pitcher. "I'll fix it, and fix it strong, too; for we that need so much strength in our profession must use strong drinks."

Of course the major laughed at this exhibition of wit, and while the toddy was being mixed Balfour indulged in a slight sally at his host.

"Now you mustn't be too severe," he said, "for I've taken a sort of fancy to the gal myself, and if a British captain of infantry offers his hand, your boy 'll stand a poor chance."

"I acknowledge that," answered Danton, not at all moved by the remark; "but then I don't fear you, for I trust your honor above your winning rank."

"Right—right, sir," uttered the doughty captain, proudly. "You need not fear, for since I know your son has the prior claim, I shall not put myself in the way. Ah-h-h!" he added, as he tasted of the beverage he had prepared, which consisted of equal parts of rum, brandy and water, with sugar and nutmeg, thereby making the liquid only one third water. "That's better than the last. Try it, major."

The major did try it, by swallowing two tumblers full, and then filling the third to sip while he talked. Balfour followed suit, while Danton was more moderate, he only filling his glass and placing it by his side to sip as he felt inclined.

"Now, Danton," commenced the major, whose tongue was growing thicker, "to set all argument aside, of course you can do as you please about this girl. If you don't want her to go to Boston with me, why, I wont take her."

"O, yes," quickly returned the tory. "I want you to take her with you, and Abner shall go there and marry her. That will save all noise and all trouble, for when she's once there, she'll have no one to look to but you; and I know you will not deceive me."

"De-de-ceive (hic) you, Danton? Never! I'd (hic) sooner cut off my own (hic) boot. By the holy kingdom, she's yours. She's (hic) yours, ole feller, an' you shall make her your wife jes' as quick as you s'please."

The major had got drunk very suddenly, for those two glasses of hot liquor, strong, and mixed at that, were quick and powerful in their operation. And Balfour was not much better off, for twice had he already burned his nose in trying to drink out of the lamp. Mr. Danton saw how matters stood, and he knew that if he had business to do it had better be done quickly; so he went to his desk, and in a few minutes he had drawn up a short instrument, the purport of which was, that Major Barton Fitzgerald bound himself to give the hand of his daughter Belinda, "the well-beloved and only child of said Barton,"—to Abner Danton in marriage. Then there was another paragraph, in which it was stipulated that Jonas, the father of said Abner, should settle upon said Belinda, the sum of one thousand pounds—said money to be paid to said Barton Fitzgerald, to be used by him as he may see proper. It was a funny kind of a document, but then the last part—the idea of the money's being settled upon Belinda—was one of the major's own. He fancied 'twould sound better so than to have it appear plainly that he received the money as a sort of purchase sum.

"There," said Danton, as he handed the paper to the major, and placed the pen and ink upon the table; "now you can sign that, and the business will be mostly settled. You will find it all right."

Fitzgerald took the paper, and after bowing and winking over it for some ten minutes, he managed to make it out.

"On'y one 'ittle mistake, Danton," he said, looking up with a comical leer.

"Ah, what's that?" inquired the old tory, in a tone, and with an expression, which seemed to indicate that he feared some mistake would be detected. "What is it, major?"

"Why, (hic) a ver' funny mistake. "Yer (hic) don't spell (hic) twelve right. Yer (hic) spell it with a t an' a e an' a n. 'At don't spell twelve, old feller—(hic) eh?"

"Ah," uttered Danton. "I don't understand. I guess it's all right."

"But it isn't though, (hic) not by a quart. That ere leetle (hic) bit o' difference in spellin' that one 'ittle word makes a (hic) difference of a matter o' two hun'red pound. Eh?"

"Ten hundred was the figure, wasn't it?" inquired Danton, trying to look an innocence which he did not feel; for, in fact, he had presumed a little upon the major's drunkenness.

"Not 'xactly, ole feller. Jes' make that (hic) twelve, an' then it 'll be all right."

"O, certainly, of course," uttered the old tory, finding that he could not escape; and without more words he altered the numeral as required, and then the major wrote his name.

Just as the pen was laid down, Captain Balfour gracefully slid from his chair, and landed upon the floor where he lay just as he fell, with his feet under the table, and his head under his chair, while the music from his trumpet-like nose came up loud and deep.

"That's jes' like 'em," grunted Fitzgerald. "He's drunk—drunk as a hog. I (hic) can't learn 'im not to do so. He's—a—decided—disgrace (hic) to me. Ha, ha, ha, (hic) 's funny you should make sick a 'stake (hic) in writin' that ere word, aren't it? Ha, ha, he-he-e-e-e.

T—e—n for twelve. Where's the toddy? I say, ole-feller, you 's a—a—"

The major's speech gradually failed him. The toddy had been made rather strong, even for strong men, and the major had drank very freely of it. For some time he seemed endeavoring to find out where the pitcher stood, but before he could concentrate his confused vision his head dropped forward and hit the table. This gave him a start, and as he attempted to discover who had struck him he lost his balance, and would have fallen heavily to the floor had not Danton caught him and eased him down. In a few moments afterwards the two brave men were snoring in concert.

It was now about nine o'clock, and in a few minutes after this some one rapped upon the door. Danton bade the applicant enter. It was Abner. He stopped suddenly as he saw the two officers, and a look of contempt stole over his features.

"So quick?" he uttered, as he smelt the strong fumes of rum.

"Yes," answered his father. "They drank like fools while they could sit up."

"Then you've made no arrangement," said Abner, with a look of disappointment.

"O, yes. That's all settled. I kept them sober long enough for that. The girl is yours, my son, but we have concluded that she must go to Boston with the major; and you can follow them, you know."

"That is just what I wished, father. Only I shall go to Boston when they go, for most assuredly I would not trust Belinda with such a brute as this."

"You are right, Abner. You shall have the girl now, if 'twere only in spite. By the heavens above me, we'll see if every ragged rebel can lord it here. Have you seen her yet?"

"No; and I thought I wouldn't to-night. She will be more composed to-morrow."

"But I wouldn't intimate that she's to be your wife, even then, Abner, for there is no knowing what sort of fancies she may take. If you will take my advice you will not broach the subject until you reach Boston. Let the major have the handling of her here. He is already afraid we shall spoil all by exciting the girl's fear. O, you need not fear on that account," the old man continued, as he noticed that his son was regarding the prostrate man with a dubious look. "He will not be thus often. Let him have the handling of her while she remains here, and he may so appeal to her duty as a child that she shall not wish to run away even had she a chance."

"You are right, sir, and I will be governed thus. I will converse with Belinda only as a friend, and in this way her fears of me, if she has any such, may be set at rest. But isn't she a beauty?"

"She is handsome, Abner."

"The handsomest girl in the colony, by all odds," added the young man, zealously. "By my faith, I wish she'd love me. But she shall be mine, at all events. I have sworn that; and only death can prevent it. Ha! What noise is that?"

"What?" asked the old man.

"I heard a voice in the yard, and a crushing of snow near the garden porch. Isn't there where Belinda's room is?"

"Yes. She occupies the chamber directly over the porch."

"Then there's some one there. Hark! By heavens, that's a man's voice. There's mischief in the wind."

"I hear nothing," said the old man, bending his ear towards the designated point.

"But I do, though; and I smell mischief, too."

As Abner thus spoke, he started to his feet and hastened from the room, for his fears had taken a startling turn.

CHAPTER IX.

DUBIOUS.

When Rolin Lincoln reached the dwelling of Jonas Danton, he hesitated awhile, to calculate upon what plan he had better pursue next. He knew it would be of no use to ask to see Belinda, for of course he would be refused, and there was but one other way, and that was to hunt her up if he could. So he noiselessly entered the yard and passed around to the back side of the house, noticing the windows carefully as he went. He saw a light in one of the lower back rooms, but that was evidently the kitchen. He passed around by the back yard, and next came to the garden, which was enclosed by a thicket fence. He found the gate which opened to it, and by this he passed in. On looking up on this side of the house he saw another lighted window directly over the porch which guarded the entrance to the house from the garden, but to which now there was no path. This window was guarded by a curtain, upon which Rolin plainly saw the shadow of a human form—of the head and shoulders. It was surely a female head, and was bowed, for he soon discovered what appeared to be the shadow of an arm and hand supporting the brow.

The youth took a few steps nearer, and gave a low whistle—the same whistle which he had many a time joyfully given to announce his coming at the fisherman's cot. He saw the shadow move, and the head turn. The whistle was repeated, and the figure arose. Now he knew 'twas a female. He waited a moment more, and when he saw that she still stood in a listening attitude, he repeated the signal. At this the curtain was raised, and some one looked forth. It was Belinda—Rolin knew from her form. He stretched forth his arms in an imploring manner, and soon the sash was raised. The youth quickly moved closer to the building, but in doing so he forgot his usual precaution, and his feet made considerable noise in the snow-crust. But he stopped not to think of that now.

"Belinda!" he uttered.

"Rolin!" returned the fair girl, for she it was.

"Will you not come to me?" the youth hurriedly asked. "O, you do not wish to stay here?"

"But my father is here," groaned Belinda, hesitatingly.

"Not your true father, dearest. He is not the one who has spent years in making you happy and joyous. He is not the one who is broken-hearted now because you are away! Come—come with me!"

"But how?"

"Get out upon this porch, and then you can easily leap into my arms. O, do not hesitate."

"Alas, Rolin, I know not what to do. I told my father this evening that I would not leave him until he saw me again. He is my father, and as such God will hold me in obedience to him, so long as his commands are kind and right. O, Rolin, you shall not lose me. I will never be else to you than I am now, until kind fate makes me all your own for life."

"Then you would rather stay here?" said the youth, almost reproachfully.

"No, no, no," quickly and energetically cried Belinda. "O, I would rather go with you a thousand times; but I have given my word that I would not go. O, I cannot break it. I cannot tell a lie, Rolin."

"But 'twould be no lie, dearest. You are a prisoner, and as such you cannot be required to give a pledge."

A moment the poor girl pondered, and then she asked:

"And can you take me home?"

"Yes, yes," quickly and joyfully uttered Rolin. "Come with me and I will—"

Before he had time to finish the sentence, he heard a bolt move close by him, and in a moment more the porch door was opened, and a man sprang forth with a sword in his hand.

"Aha—whom have we here?" cried the new-comer, stopping within two yards of where Rolin stood.

Our hero was thunderstruck. He heard a low cry from Belinda, and on looking up he saw that she stood with her hands clasped.

"Shut down that window!" cried Abner Danton. "Shut it down!"

"But you will not harm Rolin. He only came to—"

"—sh, Belinda," interrupted the young patriot. "Fear not for me. Close your window now."

The maiden uttered one exclamation to her lover, bidding him flee, and then lowered the sash.

"Now, dog!" hissed Danton, flourishing his sword as he spoke, "what means all this? What are you doing here? Answer me before I run you through!"

But Rolin had not ventured into the midst of such people unprepared, and throwing open the light cloak which he wore to disguise his seaman's suit, he drew a heavy cutlass. The first thought which crossed his mind was to slay the man before him, then seize Belinda, and flee; but it only flitted across his mind—it was not entertained for a moment. He could not do a deed quite so near like murder. A moment more he thought, and then he said:

"If you wish to converse with such weapons, you see I am prepared, and I assure you I understand the language well."

"But what are you doing here?" the young tory repeated, with less venom, for the sight of the cutlass and Rolin's show of courage cooled him wonderfully. He was not a brave man.

"I came to see a poor girl who has been torn away from her home," returned our hero.

"And I caught you just in time to prevent you from tearing her away from her father, I take it," retorted Abner, with much bitterness.

"Ay," cried Rolin; "I would have taken her hence had you not come."

"So I thought. But now make yourself scarce; and let me assure you that if you are ever found here again, you shall be taken prisoner—and I rather think 'twould go hard with you if you should fall into the hands of the king's troops."

"Don't threaten me, sir!" spoke Rolin, growing angry.

"By the host, villain!" hissed the tory, "if you aint out of this in one minute you shall be taken as it is! What ho, there! Soldiers!"

"Stop, sir—stop," interrupted Rolin, who supposed that there might be some of the English troops about the premises. "I have nothing to keep me here, but ere I go I wish to give you one word of warning. If harm comes to that girl; or if, by any means, you try to make her your wife, I'll kill you as sure as death! Now mark me, for I mean it. Try to make that girl your wife, and I'll plant my sword in your heart though I have to hunt over all the earth to find you. Now remember this, for you have it from one who does not break his word!"

Thus speaking, Rolin Lincoln turned and walked swiftly from the place. He leaped over the garden fence into the road, and when he turned to look back he saw Abner Danton standing just where he had left him. The young patriot stopped and gazed once more towards the window where Belinda's light was still burning, and with his hands clasped over his sword hilt he uttered a quick, fervent prayer. Perhaps 'twas well for him then that he did not know that those two British officers were helplessly drunk. Had he known that he would surely have made the attempt to liberate Belinda by force. Could he have shown her the new-found *father* in that situation, she would most assuredly have fled with him. But he knew it not, and he turned sadly away.

The youth had reached the outskirts of the village, and had begun to slacken his pace as he walked thoughtfully along, when he saw a dark object ahead of him. It seemed to be a human being, and was coming towards him with a sort of sidling shuffle. As he came nearer he recognized a female form, and when he had come to within a few feet he found it to be none other than that strange being, *Polly Poll.*

"Polly," he said, quickly, while a ray of hope darted to his soul, "is this you?"

"Sartin it be, general."

"I am glad to see you. Have you been to Matthew Clyne's lately?"

"No, I haven't. I wont go there, neither."

"But why not?"

"Because he means to kill me."

"O, no he doesn't. I heard him say only the other day that he loved you. He does love you very much, Polly."

"Do you think so?" asked the poor creature, eagerly.

"I do, most certainly, for he told me so himself."

"I wish I could be sure of it, for I should love to go there."

"You'd love to see Belinda, wouldn't you?"

"Belinda? Who's she?"

"I mean Matthew's daughter."

"O, you mean little Mercy Poll?"

"Yes," returned Rolin, remembering that that was the name which Polly had once before given her.

"I love that angel, general."

"But do you know where she is now?"

"Perhaps in heaven."

"No—she is at Jonas Danton's, in Marshfield," said Rolin.

"At Danton's?" uttered Polly, sharply and shrilly. "What is she there for?"

"They have come and torn her away from Matthew's cot, and carried her there; and an English officer came and said she was his child. It was Major Fitzgerald who said so—who claims her as his child."

"Claims Mercy Poll as his child?" shrieked the woman, tearing the hood from her head and planting both hands in her hair. "A man of earth claim a sister of Polly Poll as a child of his. You are lying! You are cheating me!"

"Indeed I am not. The man did come—and he swore that he was Belin—was Mercy Poll's father—and he took her away—and she is now at Jonas Danton's house. Do you know Jonas Danton?"

The old woman let her hands drop, and a cold shudder crept through her frame.

"I do know him!" she whispered, in tones that thrilled her hearer to the very soul. "Jonas Danton pushed me out into the snow one cold, stormy night, and I should have frozen had I been a human being. I know him well. I am going to see him one of these days."

"But will you not keep your eyes on poor Mercy Poll?"

"I will keep her safe if she needs it, depend upon it, general. She the child of Jonas Danton!"

"No, no. I said 'twas a Major Barton Fitzgerald, who claimed to be her father."

"It makes no odds, general. They are all alike. I know 'em."

"But you can help her."

"Of course I can. And I must be at it, too. So good-by."

With this the strange woman started off. Rolin stood there and gazed upon her until she was out of sight, and then he started on his own way. He had little assurance in Polly's doing anything for Belinda's benefit, but then he felt sure she would do no harm, and she *might* do some good. At any rate, dark and mystic as was the character of the crazy being, the youth felt easier at heart, after he had seen her, for she gave him basis for a hope, frail though it was.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MALEFACTOR DEVOURED BY A LION.

Several years before the French occupation of Constantine, in Algeria, amongst the numerous malefactors with whom the prisons overflowed, were two persons condemned to death—two brothers, who were to be executed the next day. They were highway robbers, ham-stringers, and cut-throats, of whose courage and strength the most surprising tales were related. The bey, fearing they would make their escape, ordered them to be shackled together—that is, each of them had one foot riveted in the same ring of solid iron. No one knows how the matter was managed; but every one knows that, when the executioner presented himself, the cell was empty. The two brothers, who had succeeded in escaping, after vain exertions to cut or open their common fetters, proceeded across the country in order to avoid any unpleasant meeting. When daylight came, they hid themselves in the rocks; at night, they continued their journey. In the middle of the night they met a lion. The two brothers began by throwing stones at him, and shouting with all their strength, to drive him away; but the animal lay down before them, and would not stir. Finding that threats and insults did no good, they tried the effect of prayers; but the lion bounded upon them, dashed them to the ground, and amused himself by eating the elder of the two at the side of his brother, who pretended to be dead. When the lion came to the leg which was confined by the iron fetter, finding it resisted his teeth, he cut off the limb above the knee. Then, whether he had eaten enough, or whether he was thirsty, he proceeded to a spring a little way off. The poor surviving wretch looked around for a place of refuge, for he was afraid the lion would come back again after drinking. And therefore, dragging after him his brother's leg, he contrived to hide himself in a silo, which he had the good luck to find close by. Shortly afterwards, he heard the lion roaring with rage, and pacing to and fro close to the hole in which he had retreated. At last, daylight came, and the lion departed. The instant that the unfortunate man got out of the silo, he found himself in the presence of several of the bey's cavalry, who were on his track. One of them took him up on horseback behind him, and he was brought back to Constantine, where they put him into prison again. The bey, scarcely believing the facts related by his vassals, desired to see the man, and had him appear before him, still dragging after him his brother's leg. Ahmed Bey, notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, ordered the fetters to be broken, and granted the poor wretch his life.—*English paper.*

THE LORD OF THE SOIL.

The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another the character of a man as lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by his power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link to those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home.—*Plough and Loom.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE VACANT CHAIR.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY F. A. DURIVAGE.

The declining sun cast its horizontal rays into the west window of a neat parlor in a small New England cottage. From that west window, the eye beheld a pleasant and undulating country—now an open field, now an orchard, and now a clump of dark, green hemlocks, contrasting finely with the brown, withered herbage of the pasturages. The south view was even more extensive. Here lay a broad valley in which the white houses were clustered along the margin of a small stream, that flowed over its pebbly bed with many a musical murmur in the summer season, but the liquid surface of which was now covered with skaters, whose flashing skate-steels, as they whirled and flew like swallows on the wing, caught the last rays of the declining sun. Far, far away in the distance, over the village roof tops, over the threadbare woods, over the far distant meadows, were seen the spires of a great city, dimly sketched on the horizon, so vague and vapory, indeed, that the eye of the stranger might have confounded them with the lower stratum of mist that floated over them.

But we are forgetting that our business just now lies with the interior of Maple Cottage. The small, snug parlor we have mentioned, was furnished cheaply but tastefully. Neat white curtains were looped beside the windows. A plain sofa, and a few cane-seated chairs—a small mirror, an engraving of General Washington, a secretary and bookcase, composed all the furniture. Yet everything was neat, and well-arranged.

A cheerful coal fire was burning in the grate. The table in the centre of the room was loaded with the plentiful cheer befitting Thanksgiving Day. At the head of the table, sat a pale, dark-eyed man, with deep lines marking his thoughtful countenance, and snow-white hair parted from his forehead, and waving over his shoulders. Opposite him sat a very handsome woman, whose soft, brown hair was beginning to be streaked with threads of silver, showing that she had sometime since passed the heyday of her youth. On one side of the square table was a beautiful girl of nineteen or twenty, fair and blooming as a rose in June, with the warm hue of health on her cheeks, and the bright blood burning in her dewy lips. Opposite to her was placed *a vacant chair.*

And now one word of the tenants of Maple Cottage. That white-haired man presiding at the table, is Miles Milford; the lady opposite, his wife; the beautiful girl, a guest, Rose Darling, a neighbor's daughter; she has come by invitation to enliven the Thanksgiving dinner. But who should fill that vacant chair? No guest is expected—yet the plate and knife and fork, and napkin and water glass, are duly set. With a certain sect, it is customary when a member of a family dies, ever after to retain his place at the table—his seat by the fireside. It is fondly believed that his spiritual presence fills these vacancies, obedient to the attraction of a love that the grave cannot cover up. As the beautiful eyes of Rose Darling glance towards that vacant chair, they fill with tears. Is it true then, that there has been a death in the Milford family? No—not death—but separation!

Miles Milford was a carpenter by trade. He had served his apprenticeship, wrought for himself, and married his wife in that city, the spires of which can be seen from the dining-room table. He had led a hard life. His early youth was cursed and saddened by the intemperance of his father—early orphanage and poverty accompanied his first steps in youth. But he made his way, married, made a good living. One child only—a boy—blessed the union of Miles and his wife. He was a fine, healthy little fellow, and was dearly beloved, though not idolized or petted by his parents. And now we come to a sad confession. Whether it was weakness, perversity, or the fruit of a fatal legacy of blood transmitted by an erring parent, but, at that very period of life when his father had abandoned himself to bad habits, Miles Milford became addicted to drink. He did not become an habitual sot—but at times he drank deeply, and was incapable of taking care of himself. This was the shadow on his hearth-stone—this wrung the heart of his wife, and agonized his boy—his boy who had met him in the streets and led him home when the father did not know him.

Suddenly, Miles Milford, when on the brink of utter ruin, when poor and in debt, when friends were forsaking him, and reputation was tarnished, broke from his evil courses with a sudden wrench. The shadow fled from the hearth-stone, sunbeams played there in its stead. Frugal, industrious, energetic, Miles soon freed myself from his indebtedness, and in a few years he had amassed several hundred dollars.

He had from early boyhood cherished a longing desire for a country life; a desire, which his occasional visits to the rural districts ripened into a passion. Since toil was to be his lot in life, agricultural labor seemed the most attractive. His boy, now eighteen years of age, who shared his confidence and his hopes, imbibed insensibly his tastes, and urged his father, when he had become a little forehanded, to make the experiment of farming. This step was finally decided on. A small farm, to be paid for in yearly instalments, was purchased, together with a horse, cow and farming implements. Such was the history of Maple Cottage. The future now seemed bright and cloudless—not a shadow on the hearth-stone. In the pure air and healthful occupations of the country, Miles Milford and his wife renewed their youth. The little farm blossomed like the rose. Father and son worked together manfully, side by side; and at the close of the first season had acquired practical knowledge enough, to warrant a conviction that the experiment would prove completely successful.

The next year, though the annual payment on the estate was made with some difficulty, yet the produce of the land paid a handsome profit over the expense of cultivation, and young Milford brought back a considerable amount of money from market. The next year the crops were large, and additional help was necessary. Young Milford, now twenty-one, was obliged to go to market four or five times a week. He would return jaded and worn out—frequently so fatigued that he would be obliged to throw himself on the hay in the barn, and sleep for four or five hours. His father was afraid the business was too laborious for him, and often urged the expediency of sending the hired hand to market; but his son readily convinced him that this would be a ruinous expedient—and the hired man could not be expected to do them justice. One morning, young Milford made his appearance very much agitated. He had taken in a valuable load of fruit the night before, delivered it to a wholesale customer, and set out on his return before day-break. In a lonely part of the road, while dozing on his wagon, he had been set upon by a man who suddenly made his appearance, and robbed of all his money—nearly fifty dollars. Miles was very much excited at this narrative, and proposed instantly to offer a reward—but his son begged that he would say nothing about the circumstance, as he suspected the individual, and thought with the aid of the police, he could bring the guilt home to him and secure him.

Weeks passed on and no discovery was made. But young Miles proved unlucky in his sales. He could not get near as much as his neighbors for better articles. They were going behind-hand with their cash. One evening he did not return at his usual hour from market; the day passed on, and no Miles. Evening came—hours passed—he did not return. Milford insisted on his wife's going to bed, while he sat up and watched for his son. Long after midnight—the rumble of the wagon wheels was heard. The father lighted a lantern and went out. The son clambered down from his cart, and staggered towards his father. He was intoxicated. He essayed to speak—but he could not find utterance. The afflicted father took him by the arm, and led him up to his room, and, after assisting him to bed, went down to take care of his horse, and then retire, broken hearted, to pray and weep for the remainder of the night.

The next morning he had an interview with the misguided boy, who, full of contrition and promises, then confessed that he had been going downwards for months—that he had drank, had gambled, had lost large sums of money, and now stood on the brink of ruin. The wretched father conjured him to retrace his steps, implored him to be true to himself by the love he bore his mother and himself, and the fair girl who had confessed she loved him; and the young man, with tears streaming from his eyes, knelt down and took a solemn oath never to bring sorrow to the breasts of those he loved by his misconduct.

Again, after days of anxiety, the shadow passed from the hearthstone—again the sunshine basked on them; but again it darkened, as sun and shade succeed each other in a fitful April day. The young man's promises proved of little worth. In the language of Scripture, he was "joined to his idols." Habitual intoxication, habitual falsehood, and habitual dishonesty wore out at last the forbearance of his father. When his heart was breaking, he pronounced sentence against the sinner; he must go forth and seek another home, and leave father and mother to struggle alone against their misery. And the wanderer went forth.

Thenceforth, at each Thanksgiving anniversary, a plate was laid, a chair set for him at Maple Cottage. Four years had passed since his departure—since he had been heard from—and still the custom was kept up; still industry and neatness held sway within the cottage, though hope was growing faint, and it seemed almost certain that the Milfords must relinquish it, and the farm revert to its former owner.

Now we see why Rose Darling's eyes filled with tears when they rested on the vacant chair; why Miles Milford's hair was white as driven snow, though he was not yet fifty; and why those silver threads were woven in the tresses of his wife.

Miles had just craved a blessing on the feast before him, when the door opened. A tall, sunburnt man entered, with hesitation. He was clad in a long, ragged overcoat, soiled and patched; yet the color in his face was healthy, and the light of his eye pure and unclouded. The two women suppressed a scream at his appearance, but the master of the house stood up, and said, with a quivering lip:

"Miles Milford, answer me truly. Are you worthy to claim the welcome of a son, and to take your place at your father's table?"

Bursting into tears, young Miles clasped his father to his breast, and then rushed into his mother's arms and sobbed like a child upon her bosom. Rose Darling, also, gave him a warm welcome.

"You have given me the prodigal's welcome, father," he said, with deep emotion, laying his hand on the back of the vacant chair; "but I am hardly dressed well enough for a festival occasion."

"If the heart be in the right place, no matter for the garb it wears," said Milford.

"I cannot masquerade it any longer," said young Miles. "I was not born for a playactor, though I exclaim with Lear, 'Off—off—ye lendings!'" And throwing off his ragged surtout, he appeared in an elegant and befitting suit. "And I'm not in all respects like the prodigal son, father," he said, sitting down. "A kind Providence has favored me for your sake and mother's, and for one as dear as either. I have been in strange lands, where gold was to be had for the gathering. A traveller's tale, you'll say; but I have the proof about me. Here, father, are your notes to old Myers—they are all paid, and Maple Cottage is now your own."

Need we add that there was indeed a Thanksgiving in Maple Cottage that night? The next anniversary there was no vacant seat; but young Miles Milford sat in his old place, and on his right hand, Rose, his wife. Thenceforth no shadow ever rested on the hearth stone.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MISS ——.

BY HARRY.

O maid! who, lovely unto every eye,
  Seems doubly so when I gaze upon thee,
Accept the offering into which I try
  To weave some words of praise befitting thee.
Alas! I know how vain the attempt must be,
  But thou'lt receive it in the spirit meant,
And pardon imperfections thou mayst see,
  And with its simple lines will be content,
Although to it the muse hath nought of beauty lent.

Compared with thee, how poor all others look;
  Where face or form is there can rival thine?
A voice as sweet as murmurs of the brook,
  Fit pathway where thy mind's bright gems may shine;
To gain a heart so pure who'd not resign
  E'en Venus, queen of beauty though she be?
To win but one kind thought I pen this line;
  O, how much happiness is there for me,
If I may hope thy friend, though nothing more to be.

Time has not given me enough of years
  To bid me to thy matchless charms aspire,
Though he has given all the doubts and fears
  That guard the burning of love's holy fire.
That flame within my breast shall ne'er expire
  Till stifled by grim death's remorseless hand;
And even then, the most I shall desire,
  Is that thy image may before me stand,
To cheer me on my way unto the spirit-land.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DIAMOND RING.

BY EMILY N. REDFORD.

It was as beautiful a summer's morn as ever shone upon the earth; the calm bright sunshine poured down in a soft flood over the cultivated fields and flourishing gardens in the village of L. Apart from the neat white cottages which distinguished this little village, was one much smaller than the rest. One side was shadowed by two large apple-trees, and the other was covered with moss which run nearly over the low-thatched roof. The interior of the sweet little cottage presented as pleasant an appearance as that without. An old lady sat in an arm chair, knitting, and by her side a beautiful girl perhaps sixteen or seventeen years of age was seated, apparently engaged in deep thought. An open book at her feet, which had fallen from her hand, showed she had been reading, but it was evident her mind was far away from the scenes before her. Now and then, the elder of the two would raise her eyes, which were still as bright as ever, to the face of her companion, and once or twice her lips moved as if she would speak, but then changed her mind and continued silent. At last she concluded to break the silence, and as the sound of her voice broke the stillness, the young girl started from her seat.

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"No, my dear aunt, why do you ask?"

"I have been watching you some time, and have come to the conclusion that something must be the matter, or you would not have been so absorbed in thought."

"Well, dear aunt, I am afraid you will say I have been building castles in the air, when I tell you what I have been thinking about."

She paused a moment as if to allow her aunt to make some reply, but she only smiled and made a motion for her to proceed, so her niece continued.

"Last evening when I went to the store, Mr. Turner had gone to supper; while waiting for him to return, I heard one of our neighbors ask another, who was to keep our village school this year, and he replied they had been unable to find any one. I have been trying all the morning, to summon courage sufficient to ask you if you thought I might obtain the situation if I applied, and perhaps in a year, I could save enough to enter the seminary at T. as an assistant-pupil. Will you please tell me what you think about it?" looking up at her aunt, who had industriously kept at work all the time her niece had been speaking.

Mrs. Moore let her knitting fall into her lap, and leaning her head upon her hand gazed at the bright, sparkling face so eagerly upturned to hers.

"I am willing, Ellen, you should *try*, but do not be discouraged if you meet with a refusal."

It seemed this was all Ellen wished, for hastily putting on her bonnet, she was soon tripping lightly in the direction of Mr. Howard's dwelling, the school-agent.

Long and anxiously her aunt waited her return, until the stars began to shine and the pale face of the moon appeared from behind the distant hills. At last she came, and the glance with which her aunt greeted her, asked more plainly if possible than words, of her success.

"Dear aunt, I have obtained the situation, are you not rejoiced?"

Mrs. Moore smiled, and inquired why she had remained so long away.

"Mr. Howard was not at home, and Mrs. Howard invited me to stay until he came, and I disliked to come away without receiving an answer, so I waited for him. I could not resist the temptation of walking past the old school-house, which you know is a little out of the way." Ellen chatted gaily on for some time, until the clock struck eight, when, taking the Bible to her aunt, sat on a stool at her feet and listened while she read "the Sermon on the Mount."

She could not but notice that her aunt's voice trembled, when she prayed that He, who had never ceased to watch over, and guard from evil, would give strength and patience to her who alone remained to be the comfort and solace of her declining years. Silently she kissed her aunt, and with a slower step than usual sought her couch.

The morning came for school to commence, and Ellen, with a beating heart, but not an altogether sad one, went to her task. At first, she was a little disheartened at the work which presented itself to her, the realization of her hopes did not seem quite as sure. Steadily, however, she kept on, and when at the end of the year she was enabled to enter the Misses Horton's school for young ladies, she felt she was more than repaid for all she had passed through. Leaving her for a short time I will give you a sketch of her history.

Her mother, Mrs. Moore's only sister, was considered the belle not only of the village in which she lived but also of the neighboring towns. At a fair she became acquainted with James Graham, the son of a very rich planter at the South. Against his father's wishes he married her, choosing to depend on his own exertions for support than remain dependent on his father, whose only objection to his marriage was the lady's poverty. He parted from his father in anger, hurriedly embraced his weeping sister, and went forth from his father's house nevermore to return.

Soon after his marriage he entered into business in one of our northern cities. Change of climate, the constant confinement necessary to his success as a merchant, soon wrought fearful work with a constitution naturally delicate, and having been a wife only about two years, Mrs. Graham returned to her sister, her only relative, a broken-hearted widow, with one little daughter, Ellen, named for her husband's mother.

Depression of spirits which nothing could dissipate, not even the kind attempts of her former companions, hurried her to the grave, and at the tender age of four years Ellen was left an orphan, dependent upon her aunt, who possessed sufficient to place her above want, nothing more.

Let us give a glance at the place which Ellen for a time has called her home, the Misses Horton's seminary. It is the evening before school closes. Assembled in groups in the handsome parlors are the pupils. Many of them, nay the most, are children of wealthy parents, and who are sufficiently aware of the importance which money everywhere carries. Some of the younger scholars are examining the wreaths with which the recitation-hall is to be decorated; others are carefully marking specimens of needle-work which are to be exhibited, and a few are speaking of home and friends, and the pleasure which they anticipate in joining them. By far the most interesting are collected round the piano, arranging the pieces which are to be performed, and discussing the merits of the several performers, each one giving her opinion as to who would be most likely to win the prize. An eccentric bachelor, uncle to a little girl, a member of the school, had offered an elegant diamond ring to any pupil who should play and sing in the best manner on the night of the exhibition. The choice of the song was left to the performer, the judges were to be from the audience on the night of the performance.

Considerable excitement had prevailed among the young ladies, and a continual drumming had been kept up. Every song which could be procured had been tried, and some of the best players remained undecided which to choose. Those which were simple had been cast aside on that account, those which were difficult, they were afraid to trust, fearing their hearers might not be sufficiently skilled in music to appreciate; altogether, they were in rather trying circumstances, as several of their countenances indicated.

"What is your opinion, Miss Ellen Graham?" said Fanny Owen, the belle of the school, and who, from the first day of Ellen's membership had taken every opportunity of wounding her feelings. "Who do *you* think is most likely to obtain the prize?" at the same time casting a scornful glance towards her companions, who, with eyes fixed upon the person spoken to, awaited her reply.

"I know of no one more likely than yourself," was the calm rejoinder.

"Do you think so?" said Fanny, in a mocking tone. "Why, I am really obliged for your compliment. I suppose I ought to say in return, that I stand no chance since you are to perform; but if you will allow me to give a little advice, I would request you not to wear that everlasting black silk, which you have always worn on all public occasions, and which looks as if descended from the fourth generation, a kind of heirloom in the family."

Many of the girls were indignant, and when they saw Ellen's eyes fill with tears, had courage sufficient to say, "For shame, Fanny!"

Fanny, however, felt no sorrow, and dancing away to the other part of the room, in answer to the inquiries of her friends what caused the exclamation, replied, "O, I was only giving Ellen Graham a hint to wear something beside that old black dress, which brother Theodore said, reminded him of the days of yore."

Meantime the tears which these thoughtless remarks caused, attracted the notice of a little girl, Mary Gordon, niece to the gentleman who offered the ring, and going to Ellen, she threw her arms round her neck, whispering, "I love you dearly, no matter what dress you wear!"

Taking the child's hand in hers, she passed into the hall, and for a few moments wept bitter, scalding tears. Yielding at last to the entreaties of her little friend, she went to the upper music-room to hear Mary practise her piece for the twentieth time.

The next evening came, and with it parents and friends from every direction. Ellen had no one to come, her aunt could not leave her quiet home, and with a feeling of utter loneliness, she saw and heard the joyful greetings her companions met with.

With a heavy heart she prepared to make her appearance; her dress looked to her more rusty then ever, her hair never seemed so perfectly unmanageable. After repeated efforts she at last declared herself ready, and taking her music followed her companions into the hall.

Very beautiful they all looked as they took their seats; so many young hearts, could they be the home of any but pure thoughts! As Ellen passed Fanny Owen to take the seat assigned her, she noticed the scornful look bestowed on her dress, and glad to escape observation, took her place behind the others.

The exercises were not to consist of musical performances entirely, but commenced with an overture played by a young lady in a very skillful manner. When it came Miss Owen's turn to perform, a murmur of admiration was heard as she appeared. Her piece was an air from a celebrated opera; she was very beautiful as she stood there, her dark eyes more brilliant than usual with excitement, her glossy curls falling in rich profusion. More than half the hearts were won before she had uttered a note. Her voice, although a very fine one, owed much to cultivation, but there was no faltering in her tones, and when she disappeared from the stage, she felt but little doubt she had triumphed.

"Ah me!" sighed Ellen to herself, "it is of no use for me to try. I know Fanny will win."

The evening's entertainment was drawing to a close when Ellen's song was called for. With trembling steps she passed before the people. For a few moments she felt as if she were dreaming, not a sound could she articulate. Observing her agitation, the audience waited in respectful silence for her to recover her self-possession, content to gaze upon the being before them.

Instead of the dark eyes of Fanny, were deep, soft blue ones which few could meet without loving the owner. Her black dress but showed more plainly the finely formed figure so light and graceful. A plain gold pin fastened a band of black velvet which encircled her throat. She was a specimen of that "loveliness which needs not the foreign aid of ornament." Her hair did not fall in curls, but was combed very smoothly and placed behind her ears. Fanny reminded one of a bright star, Ellen, a lovely flower, the lily of the valley. The one shedding a cold light, the other, a sweet fragrance.

Unrolling her music she commenced in low but sweet tones the simple ballad, "Kathleen Mavourneen." Gradually as she gained confidence, her tones grew louder and more distinct, until every part of the hall was filled with melody. Some of her hearers who had been in the habit of attending concert-rooms, forgot but what they were then there, and when the song was ended, signified their delight of her singing with the most enthusiastic applause, in which all joined.

On one of the front seats sat an elderly gentleman with a much younger one beside him. During the singing the eyes of the elder had remained fixed upon Ellen as if entranced. When she ceased, he grasped his neighbor's arm and in husky tones inquired her name. His companion without turning his head answered, "Miss Graham." For a moment the old man buried his face in his hands, then suddenly raised it, as Ellen began warbling in compliance with request the touching song, "Sweet Home," every feature he seemed examining. In a short time the exercises were through, but owing to the lateness of the hour, the presentation of the ring was deferred until the next evening, when a social levee was to be held, every person then present being invited to attend.

"Once more, my old friend," said Ellen, to her one silk dress, as she arrayed herself in it the next night. "You have proved faithful when others proved false." Just as she was about leaving her room, a bouquet of most rare and beautiful flowers was brought to her. "Some mistake," she said to the servant. He pointed to the paper, on which was written her name, and underneath, "True merit never goes unrewarded."

She stood very thoughtful for a moment, then speaking to herself as if she had solved the mystery, "Ah, I see! some one thought Fanny was Miss Graham, that is it, I am sure;" and removing the label went to Fanny's room, placed the bouquet in her hand, telling her at the same time that she presumed it had been delivered to her by mistake.

"Very likely," said Fanny, without even thanking Ellen, who thought she had never seen her look so lovely.

"Where are my gloves?" said Fanny, in a petulant tone; "however, I shall not put them on, for I should never succeed in getting them off, if Mr. Graham should insist upon placing the ring upon my finger himself. I am told he is very handsome, besides being very wealthy. If I were you," turning to Ellen, "I would try to make an impression upon the giver, since there is little chance of obtaining the gift, for I heard a gentleman say that it required but little knowledge of music to sing your songs." Taking her bouquet she descended to the brilliantly lighted parlors, to which Ellen soon after followed.

Ellen sought a retired corner where she could escape notice. Sad and silent she sat for a long time, trying to make her heart feel glad in the happiness of others.

"Will Miss Graham favor us with one more song?" asked the old gentleman who inquired her name the evening before.

"With pleasure, sir," said Ellen, feeling attracted towards the speaker in a manner she could not account for. "Have you any choice?"

"I should like," he replied, with a mournful smile, "the last rose of summer."

Ellen hesitated, for it was the first song she had ever learned, taught her by her mother, because it was her father's favorite. She never sung it to strangers, but seeing he waited, thought best to comply. All her sad feelings found utterance in her voice, and when she concluded there were few eyes not filled with tears.

As she was about to resume her former seat, her hand was gently taken, and a voice, whose mellow tones seemed but a continuance of her song, said distinctly for all to hear:

"Allow me to thank you for the pleasure you have given us, and to beg your acceptance of this ring, which all agree is well merited."

Ellen gave one glance at the sparkling eyes bent so kindly upon her, and unable to collect her thoughts sufficiently to make a suitable reply, stood motionless. A stifled sob caused her to raise her eyes a second time, when they encountered the burning orbs of Fanny Owen. Disappointment and rage made even her beautiful face look frightful, and the gaze which met Ellen's told of mingled scorn and hatred.

Overcoming her natural timidity, she slipped the glittering circlet from her finger, and said:

"Indeed, sir, I am very, very grateful for your kindness, but I cannot retain a reward which is far above my deserts. Miss Owen's piece was much more difficult than mine, and I think the bestowal of it upon her would give general satisfaction."

Mr. Gordon seemed undecided for a moment, then turning to the company, said, "Since Miss Graham disputes our judgment, I know no other resource but to follow hers," and refusing to receive the ring from Ellen, requested her to present it to Miss Owen.

All traces of unhappiness had vanished from Fanny's countenance, and she was again the smiling beauty, receiving the ring from Ellen's hand in the most graceful manner.

The latter part of the evening passed more pleasantly than the first; she felt she had done right, and when she heard Fanny's gay tones, and merry laugh, she was sure she felt happy too.

Nearly all the assembly had gone; Ellen noticing the bouquet which she carried to Miss Owen lying upon the floor, picked it up, and was examining it, when some one at her side said: "Miss Graham, do you refuse *all* gifts?" pointing at the same time to the flowers.

Not quite understanding him, she answered, "They are not mine, I was merely looking at them."

"If I am not mistaken," he continued, smiling, "they were intended for you, did you not receive them?"

"I did," she replied, "but I supposed a mistake had been made in the name, and gave them to Miss Owen."

"Do you leave to morrow?" he inquired abruptly, after a moment's pause.

Ellen answered in the affirmative, and soon after, bidding him good evening, went to take leave of her teacher and companions, as she started very early in the morning, careful, however, to retain her flowers.

Little Mary Gordon wept, and clung to her, making her promise over and over again to visit her. At last, she had bade farewell to all her friends; but she felt as if she would like to speak once more with the old gentleman who had made such an impression upon her; he was talking, however, and she did not like to disturb him. He noticed her as she passed, and bade her good-night so kindly that she could not resist offering her hand. "God bless you, my child!" he exclaimed, holding it a moment.

She retired to dream of meeting her aunt and singing old snatches of songs she learned in childhood, and wandering with a dark-eyed companion to all her favorite haunts. Before the morning dawned, she was on her way, amusing herself in conjecturing what the wrapping of a package which had been handed her just as the stage started, concealed.

She could but notice after the first joyful moments had passed, that her aunt had sadly altered. Her step was less firm, her form more bowed, and her voice more weak and trembling. The package was found to contain a handsomely bound edition of Shelley, an elegant gold watch, and a note from Mary Gordon, who wrote that she placed it there unknown. The giver of the poems she left for her to guess, and the blushes on Ellen's cheek showed she need guess but once. The watch was from the old gentleman, who held a very long conversation with her mother after their return to the hotel after the levee. The book received by far the most attention; although she felt pleased to think she was so kindly remembered as the watch proved.

Gradually her aunt's strength declined, and calling Ellen to her bedside, one still evening, begged her to read the evening service.

"You have been a good child, my darling, and God will protect you when I am gone," she added, faintly, as Ellen stooped to kiss the pale brow. Ellen read softly and when she had finished, raised her eyes to gaze upon the dead; the pure spirit had fled.

Mary Gordon's mother, as soon as she learned Ellen's bereavement, wrote, inviting her to accompany them on a southern tour, and to make her home with them as long as she could be contented. Ellen gladly accepted, left the home where she had spent so many happy hours, and was soon with her kind friends. The next day after her arrival, Mary came into the room where she was sitting and taking her hand said:

"Please come with me a moment, I have something I wish to show you."

Ellen passively yielded, and without noticing where she was leading her, said, "I hope it is something very beautiful."

Mary suddenly stopped walking, and with a light laugh answered, "Here it is; what do you think of it!"

Ellen looked and saw Mr. Gordon standing before her. The deepest color suffused neck, cheek and brow at the unexpected meeting, but he seemed not to notice it, and she felt while listening to him, she had indeed found a friend.

In a short time they commenced their journey, and Ellen could not quite prevent the feeling of joy being visible when Uncle Robert declared his intention of going with them.

"O, mother!" exclaimed Mary, mischievously, "see how pleased Nellie looks!"

Ellen tried to hide her blushing face, but not before more than one had noticed it, and the happy expression of Uncle Robert showed he felt pleased also.

Reaching a fashionable watering place, while the weather was quite warm, they concluded to remain there a short time. One morning, as Ellen and Mary were taking an early walk, Ellen observed coming towards them, a lady and gentleman. The young lady she recognized as Fanny Owen; as she passed her she bowed, but received no return, and when they had proceeded a few steps, Ellen heard Fanny's companion say:

"I think that lady bowed, did you not notice her!"

"Yes," she replied, "a school acquaintance; a very poor young lady, who always gave herself airs; she is doubtless governess in some family here. I never remember *such* people!"

"O, what a falsehood!" cried Mary, in indignant tones, for she had heard what was said. Leaving Ellen, who in vain tried to detain her, she rushed to her mother and uncle who were coming to join them, repeating Fanny's words, adding:

"She always treated Nellie shamefully, and then took the ring which did not belong to her."

Ellen's flushed countenance showed her feelings had been hurt, and not willing to allow her friends to see the tears which their kind words only made flow faster, hastened to her room.

While she was absent Mary recited the story of the black silk dress, which so served to excite Mrs. Gordon's indignation that she resolved to leave the next day, and proceed on their journey. Mrs. Gordon wished to visit Savannah, so they bent their course that way, stopping wherever there was anything attractive. The beautiful and varied scenery soon banished all unpleasant recollections from Ellen's mind. Uncle Robert did his part towards amusing the orphan, and felt amply rewarded when she gave him one of her sweet smiles.

One day, they had been in Savannah, perhaps a week, as Mary sat beside Ellen holding her hand in both of hers, Mr. Gordon came in and gave her a beautiful fan which he had heard her express a great desire to possess a few days before. "O, what a good uncle I have!" she cried. "Do you not wish he was yours, Nellie?"

The hand which Mary relinquished to exhibit her present, was taken and gently pressed; a whispered voice repeated, "Do you wish he was yours, darling?"

Returning one morning from a ride, Mr. Gordon found a note addressed to him, which he said contained an invitation to a large gathering at the house of a friend of his, a wealthy planter living a short distance from the city. "You will have an excellent opportunity of seeing some of the southern beauties. I hope you will not allow yourselves to be eclipsed," he added, smiling.

"I shall have to be excused," said Ellen, glancing at her sombre colored dress, now constantly worn for her aunt.

"Indeed you will not," they all replied.

Ellen answered by a gentle shake of the head, and left the room.

A long consultation was held by those remaining, and when Ellen again joined them, an answer had been sent signifying their acceptance.

"Do not look so sad, Nellie; I wish you to appear as beautiful as you possibly can," said Mary; "or we shall think you do not love us any."

"No, no, dear Ellen, we shall not think so," spoke Mary's mother, "we know you love us all a great deal."

"Am I included?" asked Mr. Gordon.

Ellen made no reply save a timid glance, which seemed to satisfy the questioner. Mrs. Gordon prevailed upon Ellen to cast aside her black dress for a white one.

"You must submit for once to be guided by our taste," laughingly said Mary, as she prepared to assist Ellen the evening of the party, displaying at the same time an elegant white satin dress. After her toilet was finished she went to the parlor to wait for the others. Mr. Gordon was already there, and approaching her, took a necklace of pearls from a casket, and clasped it round her neck. Gazing a moment upon the lovely vision before him, he drew her gently towards him and imprinted a soft kiss upon her pure forehead.

"Ah, what do I see!" cried Mary, entering the room. "I am afraid I shall have to say Aunt Nellie, soon."

"You may begin now!" said her uncle, leading the way to the carriage in waiting.

As they neared the dwelling, the sound of music came floating on the air, and streams of light as they drew nearer and nearer, showed that the spacious and numerous apartments were filled with wealth and beauty. Strange as it may seem, Ellen had not thought to inquire the gentleman's name to whose house they were going.

The sweet beauty of Ellen as she entered the room, excited much admiration. Leaning on Mr. Gordon's arm, not daring to lift her eyes, she did not notice he was leading her to the centre of the room, where stood an old gentleman, who, as she advanced, said, "I bid you welcome, Miss Graham!"

She could not be mistaken, they had met before. He smiled as he saw she recognized him, and speaking very loudly, added:

"In the presence of these, my friends, I acknowledge my grand-daughter, Ellen Graham, daughter of my son James, banished from his early home by his father, who too late saw his error." Taking her by the hand, he again said, "My grandchild, I bid you welcome!"

Ellen was much overcome, her heart swelled with gratitude to Him who in his mercy had prepared this new joy for her.

"There is a young lady, a ward of mine, to whom I wish to introduce you," said her grandfather, and moving to another part of the room returned with Fanny Owen. Placing her in front of Ellen, he asked, "Do you recognize a 'school acquaintance?' She wears not the faded silk dress, which reminded 'brother Theodore of the days of yore,' neither has she upon her finger a 'diamond ring,' fairly won, but which in her generosity she wished bestowed upon another."

Moved by Fanny's distress, Ellen, laying her hand upon her grandfather's arm, said in her gentlest tone, "forgive her, we will be friends yet," and addressing a few kind words to her, passed into the garden.

"Dear Nellie!" cried Mary, "I could hardly keep from telling you; we knew it all the time."

"It was a hard task for Mary to keep the secret," said Mrs. Gordon, "but here comes Mr. Graham; he cannot lose sight of his newly found child." Seated between her grandfather and lover, Ellen was content to listen, striving to calm her feelings.

"I promised my friend, Robert," said Mr. Graham, speaking to Ellen, "that I would endeavor to persuade you to give my little friend, Mary, a right to the title of relationship which she tells me she already claims; am I likely to prove successful? There is no one I could better trust you to," joining their hands, "though I am selfish enough to wish you to make your home with me. I cannot part with my grandchildren if they will agree to stay," he added, smiling.

Ellen leaned her head against Mr. Gordon's shoulder, encircled by the arm which, henceforth, was to protect her from all rough winds, and found relief in tears.

Returning to the house, they found Mr. Graham had acquainted his guests with what was to follow; the man of God was waiting, and in a few moments the humble orphan was the wife of the handsome, wealthy Mr. Gordon.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

REICHTERGA'S LAMENT.

BY HARRY PENN.

Yes, love! it was a wild, bright dream I cherished,
  This love that I for thee did keep;
But now, alas, this grand old love has perished,
  And I may lay me down and weep.
This heart, within my burning breast has turned to ashes,
  My bursting brain affrights sweet, gentle sleep—
While Gloom's dark water 'gainst my life-bark dashes,
  As Fate's fierce hurricane I reap.

Yet, how I loved, do love, and must love ever,
  The kind consoler of my many woes—
The mellow voice—the beating heart that never
  Was cold unto the kindred soul it knows;
In the dark forest of my carking sorrow,
  Memory into the banished past now goes
To find old sunshine—for the stern to-morrow
  Is black as night-time when November blows

The deadened leaves into the marsh and mire,
  For worms to banquet on what once was green;
Thus does a destiny most darkly dire
  Mine eyes from hope and tender love-light screen.
Before me lies a grave—or else a life-scene,
  O'er which the tragic muse shall sweep her lyre;
Can Cora chide me harshly if I e'en
  Prefer death's wages to a dark life's hire?

Yet, even now, I joy that we did know each other,
  So well to know—how could we fail to love?
At first a friend—so soon a kindly brother,—
  What marvel passion did the heart-harp move
Into one chord, harmoniously blending
  Our souls into one strain of spirit-song?
It was, it is, it shall be never-ending—
  On high the anthem we will aye prolong.

Alas! alas! each night I toss my pillow,
  And yearn again to know thy sweet caress;
Between us rolls "the world!"—a stormy billow—
  Thank God! I in my prayers can Cora bless.
O, that this bitter parting might be broken!
  O, if our lips could only meet once more!
If but a single word I might hear spoken!
  And in thine ears my adoration pour.

Thy form now rests within another love's embraces,
  The dead is now returned to life again—
The first is second—and he now replaces
  These arms wherein thou oft hast lain.
This may be law—it may be well in doing,
  Perchance my love is madness—worse than sin—
Yet, even now, thyself, mayhap, art rueing
  The hour which did our burning love begin.

'Tis false! I'll not forget thy fond entwining
  Around my neck of airy, snowy arm,
Or kisses lavished freely—I am repining
  At the resurrection which did each this harm.
We deemed him dead—"the world" had said 'twas madness
  To hesitate when two long years had past—
And now, to drape our very souls in sadness,
  He needs return—to steal my love at last.

Sweet Cora! may these lines bring to thee healing
  Balm to the canker which consumes thy heart:
I bear not for another human feeling—
  My universe thou wert and art.
I'm dying by this cruel separation,
  I need not call death's angels to my door—
They're coming, love!—I'm making preparation
  For life above,—with thee,—forevermore.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A LUCKY HIT.

BY G. H. BILLINGS.

Hiram Veazie was a plain, good-hearted, honest farmer's boy, whose parents lived on the farm where his grandfather was born, not half a dozen miles from Augusta, Me. With a good common school education, and a natural aptitude, Hiram was considered at the age of twenty to be a very promising young man, and was certainly of great service to his father upon the farm. Old Mr. Veazie was comfortably situated as to pecuniary means; first, because his wants were few, and secondly, because his land very nearly supplied them all. But when Hiram asked his father to advance him some small amount with which to commence business, the good old man frankly acknowledged his inability, and rather wondered that his son could not content himself on the farm, as his father and grandfather had done before him.

The truth was, that Hiram had from boyhood, and during all his school hours, been the intimate friend and companion of pretty Lucy White, the squire's daughter, and this childish friendship had ripened with years into love. Lucy's father understood the position of affairs perfectly, between the young people, but never interfered, until one day when Hiram took the old gentleman one side, and asked him for Lucy as his wife. Old Squire White, as he was universally called, replied kindly, but firmly, that Hiram must first acquire some trade, and means enough to support Lucy, before he could give his consent to such an arrangement. The future looked blank to Hiram, therefore, for he was but a poor farmer's boy.

Lucy was a gentle and lovely girl of nineteen, as intelligent as she was pretty; she loved Hiram sincerely, but she was too sensible to sit down with him and pine over the situation of affairs. She was a practical Yankee girl, and her advice to Hiram was sound and loving.

"Go," she said, "to Boston or New York. You are active, good-looking, intelligent and industrious; the very characteristics that command place, I should say, in a large city, and see if you do not find the means of earning such wages, as shall help you to lay by something. I, too, will be industrious, in the meantime, and what little I can save shall go to make up the necessary sum for the purchase of a snug little home for us."

Hiram kissed his sweet little school mate, and promising her that she should never for one hour be out of his mind, soon gathered a small sum of money together, and with a kind farewell and the blessing of his old father and mother, he took the cars for Boston. It was his first visit to a large city, and at the outset he was almost bewildered; but seeking economical lodgings, he began at once to look about himself for employment. This he found it hard to obtain, but he was daily growing more and more conversant with city life and ways, and he wrote every few days to Lucy a digest of his observations and fortunes. A fortnight or three weeks in Boston made fearful inroads into his slender purse, and at the suggestion of some new acquaintance he determined to go to New York.

Here he passed some two weeks with various adventures, but without finding an hour of paying occupation. He wandered everywhere, observing and searching out places, inquiring freely of all, until at the close of the third week, he had but a single dollar left in his pocket, and felt for the first time nearly disheartened. In this mood he strolled through one of the up town cross streets above Union Park, and found his attention attracted by the operation of a steam saw mill, which he entered, and quietly watched the business of. He saw a small, but efficient engine driving four saws fed by four men, while there stood at a desk hard by, one evidently the manager of the establishment.

Hiram felt a strong interest in what he saw; there were large piles of excellent lumber in the building, an article he was familiar with from childhood; and he watched the process of sawing it up, carefully observed to what purpose the wood was put, and saw a couple of hands in a further part of the shop engaged in dovetailing the pieces together, and forming the lumber into boxes of various sizes. He consumed so much time, and was so minute in his observation, that at last the proprietor came up to him and addressed him pleasantly:

"You seem to be quite interested?" he remarked, to Hiram.

"Yes. I have seen a good deal of lumber in my day, and I was calculating how much you probably used up in this way."

"We use a good many thousand feet every week."

"So I should think, and best *number ones*, too."

"Yes, we require the very best stock, and lumber is 'up' now."

"How much do you pay?"

"Twenty-four dollars a thousand, all clear and assorted."

"What do you do with all these boxes?" continued Hiram.

"O, we can sell them faster than we can make them, for packing soap, chemicals, etc."

"Rather *heavy* for that purpose, I should say," added Hiram.

"Well, they *are* rather heavy, but we can't get boards sawed any different, they are down to the lowest gage of the lumber mills."

Hiram looked thoughtful, handled the boxes, examined the saws, talked good common sense, business style, to the man, and at last he said, half seriously, half in jest:

"You don't want a partner, do you?"

"Why, no, not exactly; though if I had one who would put in a couple of thousand dollars, and would take hold heartily himself, I wouldn't mind sharing the thing with him, and throwing in the machinery."

"I haven't got any money," said Hiram; "but I will give you an idea about this matter, and will take hold and give my time, in a way that I think it will be worth as much as the sum you name, in a short time, provided you will give me half the business."

"I like the way you talk," said the man, honestly; "but this is an odd proposition!"

"You say you pay twenty-four dollars a thousand for the boards?"

"Yes."

"Supposing I bring them down to twelve at once, and make neater and better boxes for your purpose?"

"If you can do that, I will share with you at once, for my fortune would be made."

"Will you give me a chance to try the thing after my own fancy, for one day, say, commencing to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," said the man, after a moment's hesitation. "I can see no harm, though I am to be away to-morrow forenoon."

After a little longer talk, and a careful understanding that there should be no experiment tried that should risk the machinery, Mr. Hurd, the box maker, gave orders to his people that Mr. Veazie was to be obeyed on the following forenoon, the same as though he were himself to give the orders, and that he should return at noon.

Hiram at once took off his coat, measured one of the saws and asked if it was the largest? he was told that it was, this he was at first sorry for; but still, carefully taking his measures upon a piece of paper, he soon disappeared. He remembered a hardware store, not far distant, which he had passed that very afternoon; to this he repaired, and selected a *circular saw*, twice as large as any that Mr. Hurd had in his shop, and of a different make in the teeth; he also got some braces and bolts of a size and style which he appeared to understand, and telling the store keeper that he wanted them for Mr. Hurd in the next street, he found no difficulty in getting them on credit. With matters thus arranged, he returned to his boarding-place and studied in his own mind as to how he would carry out the plan he had conceived.

It was about twelve o'clock noon, on the following day, when Mr. Hurd returned to his shop, where he found Hiram Veazie in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of "overalls" on, at work before a large *splitting* saw which he had erected upon one of the benches, and to which he had applied the steam power. He was *splitting the boards*, which were fully thick enough to admit of it, and thus was making the boards produce just twice as many boxes as heretofore, with an equal amount of labor. Since those who finished them up into boxes after they were sawed, could work enough faster with the thinner lumber to make up for the occupation of one hand to tend the splitting saw.

Mr. Hurd looked on with astonishment; already were a score of boxes and more manufactured of the new thickness, and they were actually more valuable, as the thickness was ample for all purposes of strength, and the *weight* was reduced one half. He was also delighted at his new acquaintance, who took hold of the work so handily, and above all felt that he had at once given him an idea worth half his business and more. Mr. Hurd was an honest and faithful man, and unhesitatingly kept his promise, installing Hiram in the business with one half the profits.

The reader may imagine the letter which Hiram wrote to his faithful Lucy, and how she encouraged him in return; and how the business proved exceedingly prosperous, and how it was enlarged, and Hiram found himself at the end of a twelvemonth, worth some two thousand dollars; and how Squire White pressed his hand warmly, when he returned to ask for Lucy, and told him to "take her," and how Lucy blushing laid her fair cheek bathed with happy tears upon his shoulder, and her kind, old mother, said that she had but one regret, and that was to part with Lucy, "who must now go away to live in York state."

But all this was so, and Lucy and Hiram were married, and their friends declared that Heaven made the match, and worked a miracle for Hiram Veazie, who was so good, and industrious, and generous-spirited. But these are not the days of miracles, and the reader knows very well that it was all brought about by the most natural agencies.

Three years only have passed since Hiram was married, as we have related in this *veritable story*, and on the Bloomingdale road, not a long walk from the large factory of Hurd & Veazie, lives Hiram and his lovely companion. The large and pleasant house in which they reside, is his own, and a handsome surplus besides. Each annual Christmas, they return to their childhood's home, and Lucy thinks the journey is healthy for *little* Hiram.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ADVENTURE AT A FRENCH PARTY.

My friend and myself were preparing for a party, given by the Count de Lindley, in honor of the birthday of his only daughter.

"But," said I, resuming the conversation, which had been interrupted by the entrance of a servant, bearing wine and refreshments that we had ordered, "but what am I to do? You know I am wholly unacquainted with the customs of the French people, besides being *almost* unacquainted with the language itself, all my knowledge being limited to 'Parley vous,' and 'Oui, Monsieur.'"

"O, as to that," replied Frank (fair reader, allow me to introduce you), "we will manage it finely. You know that in a handsome man (here Frank glanced at the mirror, and complacently stroked his mustache), a great many faults will be overlooked. Now, as Nature has been very bountiful in bestowing her favors upon you in that respect (I bowed), and as you are not entirely ignorant of it, I think, with a little observation, and a little of my aid, you will be able to make a very favorable impression on these French playthings."

"Jupiter!" exclaimed I, impatiently interrupting him, "I have no fear but I shall *appear* well enough, as far as that is concerned, but how shall I *talk*? Am I to sit as though I had lost my tongue, or, what is as bad, did not know the use of it?"

"By no means," he replied, "and if you will listen without interrupting me, I will tell you. You must be a very talented young man, much given to observation, and but little to conversation; or you can be mourning for some friend pro tem, and after much entreaty I have prevailed on you to accompany me, hoping to divert your—"

"Then I must needs give up dancing, and *that* I will *not* do!"

"Well, leave it to me, leave it to me, and I will see that all is right, especially if you should happen to discover any lady who is like to cause a peculiar sensation in that region where your heart ought to be, though I very much doubt your having one."

"I humbly thank you," I replied, laughing, "both for your implied compliment, and for the offer of your services, which I will gladly accept. Meanwhile, let us drink to your health, and to that of your lady-love."

The toast was drank with mock solemnity by me, and as I fancied, with real earnestness by him. But though I entered so willingly into his arrangements, I own I had some misgivings as to whether my roguish friend would aid me in a manner entirely to be desired. However, I could do no better, so I must make the best of it.

We were soon equipped, and the carriage being announced, we sprang in, and were rapidly whirled towards the mansion of the Count de L. Arrived there, we entered the splendid saloon where the guests were assembled. Everything was as beautiful as wealth and a refined taste could render it. Soft carpets, that echoed no sound, rich velvet hangings, elegant furniture, mirrors supported by marble tables, or reaching from the lofty ceiling even to the floor, splendid paintings, that many an artist would have given his all to equal or possess, statues of rare merit, were scattered about the apartments; the fairest exotics, in vases of the most exquisite workmanship, breathed forth their rich perfume, and everything was beautiful as the heart could wish. Then there were fair ladies, leaning on the arms of their attendant cavaliers, others laughing and chatting merrily with each other, or anon listening to the magic tones called forth by unseen musicians.

All this I had time to notice, while making our way toward our host and his fair daughter. After the usual greetings had ended, Frank having given me all necessary instructions, we separated, he, to enter into conversation with the fair ones, I, to observe what was passing around me, to study the different persons assembled there (for I am something of a physiognomist), and to amuse myself as best I could. I soon wearied of this, however, and passed from the saloon into a large conservatory, filled with the richest plants, from the delicately nurtured ones of the South, to the more rugged but not less beautiful ones of the North. Birds of rare plumage sported among the green boughs, while others less tame hung suspended in their gilded cages, ever and anon sending forth low, chirping sounds, as still louder bursts of music roused them from their dreamy repose.

As I stood leaning against one of the marble pillars that supported the high, arching roof, I heard a slight rustling among the branches. I looked in the direction from whence the sound proceeded. Could it be possible, that Frank, who had vowed (with a sigh), that though he might play the agreeable, he could never love a French woman, and from his heart he despised a man who would profess what he did not feel, could it be possible, I ask, that he, in spite of his (heretofore) strict integrity and undoubted principles, could stand there, talking soft nonsense, and that to a French woman? My curiosity prevailed over my better feelings, and I remained a silent spectator to what was passing. More astonishing than all else, they are speaking English. My first glance at the face of the fair served to solve the enigma. She was an American! But sh— listen!

"My dearest Fannie," Frank says, "how could you ever doubt my faith? The mere thought is absurd! Think you I could ever forget my plighted vows to one I loved so dearly? O, Fannie, you little knew how desolate I felt, when obliged to relinquish my cherished hope of claiming this little hand," said he, tenderly pressing it to his lips (very lover-like for Frank). He was silent a few moments, then resuming his usual careless, laughing manner, continued:

"Why, Fannie, what in the name of the seven wonders could have led you to believe that I could have forgotten one whom I had sworn by all the saints in the cal—"

Fannie's white hand was held over his lips.

"Well, well, I wont swear, but answer my question!"

"I heard," she replied, gazing from under her long eyelashes, "that you were engaged to be married to a lady by the name of Lila Granger. Of course I did not credit the account; but one day my brother came home, telling me that he had seen you place a letter in the office, which he was sure contained a locket, directed to Miss G. Soon after, I attended a concert given by Jenny Lind. I had not been seated long, when I saw you enter, with a beautiful girl leaning on your arm. I shrank behind the curtain that you might not see me. By so doing I became an unintentional listener to the following conversation, carried on in under tones, between two gentlemen, whom I knew to be friends of yours:

"'So that is the beautiful Lila Granger, whom Remmington is so enamored of?'

"'Yes, is she not lovely?'

"'She is indeed! What a prize Remmington will own.'

"'But do you really think he intends to marry her?'

"'O, certainly, it was only this morning that he told me so, and wished me—'

"I heard no more, I felt faint and sick. My father perceiving my illness, as he supposed, immediately took me home. You know the rest."

"True," replied Frank, "and now hear *my* version of the story. Lila Granger was the betrothed of my brother. Owing to some misunderstanding, she had returned the locket containing his likeness. The mistake was soon explained, and my brother, not being very well, desired me to mail his letter. After Lila arrived in the city, she heard of the concert, and my brother not having recovered I accompanied her there. And so, Miss Fannie, that is what caused you to send that little perfumed note, which sent me off so suddenly among these French dolls? Who would have thought of meeting *you* here? Indeed, darling Fannie—"

At this moment, thinking I had already heard too much of what was not intended for "other ears," I ventured out, hoping to escape unseen into the saloon; but of course, as my unlucky fate would have it, I stumbled over a flower-stand that stood near me, nearly knocking it down, and sending me, with something of the velocity of lightning, against these two victims of Cupid.

I will pass over the surprise of Frank and his lady, of my apologies, and of Frank's vowing he would never forget it, and lead you, gentle reader, once more, for the last time, into the saloon.

Frank seems to have forgotten the occurrence in the conservatory; his Fannie is dancing with a young Frenchman, and Frank and I are conversing at the farther end of the room.

"Come," said he, at length, "why don't you dance?"

(By the way, I pride myself very much on my dancing).

"Who is she?" I exclaimed, unheeding his question. Look! look! Frank. Did you ever see such loveliness? Even Venus would bow her head for very envy! What eyes! And look at those curls, Cupid, himself, might play hide and seek among the! Whom is she, do you know?"

"Well, really! if you will give me an opportunity of answering your question, I will do so with pleasure," replied he, smiling at my enthusiasm. "She is the Countess of Marenford, is possessed of one of the richest estates in France, of which she is the sole mistress. As to her beauty, you seem fully sensible of that, and when I tell you her beauty of mind is equal to that of her personal (which is very uncommon for a French woman), you will, I think, respect as well as admire her. But come, I will introduce you, and you shall judge for yourself."

"What shall I say?" I exclaimed, in despair.

"Poor fellow," he replied, mockingly, "I shall be obliged to *teach* you. What do you *wish* to say?"

"Tell her," I replied, acting from the impulse of the moment, which, by the way, is rather unusual for an American, "that she is the most beautiful person I ever saw; that I love, adore, *worship* her; that if she will only be mine I will—I will—"

"Be as kind as husbands generally are, I presume. Methinks you are pretty strong; however, your handsome face will absolve you. So you must say—Attention! (useless request, I was all attention), you must say, '*Ah, Madamoiselle, quelle grand pieds vous avez!*' She will probably reply, '*Merci, Monsieur, mais vous me flatte.*' (Thanks, sir, but you flatter me). To which you will reply, '*A present que j'y pense, vous me faites resouvenir d'une femme-de-chambre, de ma mere.*' "When she replies to that, you must say, '*Il est etrange q'une personne nee d'un si bas ordre que vous, soit admise dans la compagnie ou je vous trouve.*' Say this with a very dignified air, and your success will be certain."

All this I learned, carefully repeating each sentence until I had it at my tongue's end. As I turned away, I thought I perceived a merry twinkle in Frank's dark eye. What can Frank be up to now? thought I, but by this time I was beside "my fair." I gently took her hand, murmuring the first sentence. She stretched out her tiny foot, saying something I did not understand; then, as she caught my admiring gaze, clapped her little hands in triumph; I saw she did not understand me, so I pronounced the next sentence slowly and distinctly. Her cheek flushed, and her eyes flashed fire. In a hurried, excited manner I repeated sentence number three. Had an earthquake shook the mansion, or a precipice yawned at my feet, I could not have been more astonished, than at the reception I was met with. Dashing her magnificent fan in my face, she drew herself up to her full height and poured forth such a torrent of words, that had they been in English, I doubt very much my being able to understand them. A crowd of gentlemen gathered around her, and seemed to be questioning her on what had occurred. The next moment, card after card was placed in my hand, and in less time than it has taken me to tell it, I had received and accepted over a hundred challenges. At this moment, I perceived Frank gazing over some one's shoulder, with his roguish, comical eyes fixed laughingly upon me. In an instant I understood it all! I had been *duped!* How I longed to spring upon him, and throttle him, but at that instant he stepped forward, and gracefully bowing his handsome head (how proudly Fannie looked at him), explained to them how it was. Each one burst into a hearty laugh, and all crowded round to offer me their hands in token of reconciliation. Even the lady, after relieving herself with a shower of tears, smiled sweetly on me, and gave me her hand.

For the benefit of those who are unacquainted with the French language, I would say, that the first sentence Frank gave me was—"Ah, miss, what large feet you have." This she knew was not so! The second was—"Now I think of it, you put me very much in mind of a waiting-maid of my mother's." But the third sentence, was the climax—"How strange it is, that one so low born as yourself should be admitted into such society as this in which I find you."

Need I add, gentle reader, that it was not long ere I spoke the language like a native? and that when Frank and Fannie stood at the altar, they were not alone? Or need I tell you, that the countess made as good a wife as she was beautiful. Your sleepy eyes say "nay," so I wish you good night.

News Glances.

American Surgeons in the Russian Army.—There are eight American surgeons attached to the Russian army in the Crimea, namely, Drs. Eldridge, Jones, Johnson and Stoddard, from Maryland, Drs. Reed and Denninger, from Pennsylvania; Dr. Holt, from South Carolina; and Dr. Smith, from Louisiana; who are all treated with much consideration and respect by the Russian officers.

Lobsters.—The bottom of the harbor is said to be alive with lobsters, believed to be the progeny of those small and feeble creatures thrown overboard as worthless by the lobster men. Last year some were taken at Chelsea Bridge, and they are now very numerous in that vicinity. They are easily taken with scoop nets.

Green Dragon Tavern.—A freestone bas relief of a dragon has been placed on the front of the building that stands upon the site of the old Green Dragon Tavern, in Union Street, as a memorial of the famed resort of the patriots of revolutionary Boston. The property is owned by St. Andrew's Lodge of Masons.

Sporting in Essex County.—A sportsman from Salem, one day lately, "bagged" seven 'coons, one fox, and several rabbits and squirrels—a pretty good day's work in the sporting line, in a district which contains more people to the square mile than any other in the Union.

Queen Dido's Contribution.—The ruins of Ancient Carthage are to be commemorated in the Washington Monument, for it appears that a beautiful block of marble, from the ruins of Carthage, for the Washington Monument, has been presented by Mr. David P. Heap.

Local.—Bowdoin Square is to be widened from Court to Pitts Street, on the side opposite the Revere House. The widening will take the present sidewalk into the square and bring the fine trees in front of the Baptist Church and U. S. Court House on the edge of the new sidewalk.

Fatal Submarine Experiment.—Henry Levy, a native of France, met with his death, a few days ago, on Hunter Point, L. I., while under the water in a submarine armor. He used armor of India rubber, dispensing with air tubes and force-pumps.

Lake Shipping.—The Buffalo Courier publishes the names and tonnage of one hundred and twenty-nine vessels launched at different points on the Lakes during the present season. The steam tonnage is 9055 and the sail 32,511.

Reporting.—Thackeray gives out, as usual, that the reporters must not follow his lectures. He thinks if the people desire to know what they are, that they should hear him.

Death of a Race Horse.—The famous racer, Henry Perritt, which it is said made the fastest mile on record, fell dead a few days ago, just after winning a race on the Nashville course

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THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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"The Motherless," a poem by Mrs. R. T. ELDREDGE.
"The Romance of the Notch," a tale by MAURICE SILINGSBY.
"Thanksgiving," verses by G. C. HOWARD.
"The Queen of Spades," from the Russian, by E. S. SMITH.
"Why do we murmur?" stanzas by FREDERICK PARMENTER.
"The Spoiled Dress," a story by DELIA WARD.
"Song of the Mermaids," verses by BLANCHE D'ARTOISE.
"The Awful Catastrophe at Squire Jenkins," a sketch by Mrs. SYBIL W. COLLINS.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Greenwood Cemetery," "The Picnic," "Wilfred Ackle," "We meet to part no more," Death of Logan," "To J. H.," "To the Absent One."

OLD FASHIONS.

We have just been gazing at the portraits that decorate the walls of the Old Cradle of Liberty, and we have carried away with us not only a deeper admiration for the worthies there depicted, but a most pleasant, yet regretful, impression of the garb they wore. Old Peter Faneuil, the donor of the hall, was another guess-sort of person in his attire from a man of the same standing of to-day. How those rich velvets, and chased buttons, and full wigs, and long hair of the olden time, contrast with the cropped hair, the pinched coat, the tight trowsers, and the sombre colors of to-day. Yet if one of those old portraits could step down from the canvass of Copley, and promenade Washington Street, they would hear as many contemptuous remarks, or ironical compliments, as Pratt and Mellen in their tom-fool costumes. The world has lost its relish for the dignity of the past. Yet to our taste, no costumes were ever more becoming than those of the past century.

We respect wigs. We mourned over the last of the pigtails when it was shorn from the head of its possessor. We sometimes make a pilgrimage expressly to gaze respectfully on an old gentleman who clings to these peculiarities of the past. Others may mutter something about "fossils" and "fogies;" we heed them not. Says Holmes:

"The old three-cornered hat,
The breeches and all that,
Are so queer."

To us, they are not queer—they are venerable and respectable. Even as the Kossuth is far before the stove-pipe hat, so was the three-cornered hat far before and above them both. Saith Geoffrey Gambado: "I never admired a round hat—in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather, you are blinded with it; in rainy, you are drowned; whereas a cocked hat retains the water, and keeps your head cool, having much the same effect upon it that a pan of water has upon a flower pot."

Then for the wig. Certainly majestical gravity lay in the ample powdered curls that fell on either side of the stern and wise countenance of the judge; there was an awful depth of meaning in the curled adornments of the bishop's head—and an opinion from the one, and a homily from the other, had tenfold force when flanked by piles of curls and ounces of powder. If from the head we descend to the feet, how much more noble were the square-toed shoes of our ancestry, to the mincing patent leathers that adorn the feet of our cotemporaries. Instead of the vulgar shoe-string, they fastened their shoes with gold and silver buckles, and sometimes a cluster of diamonds crowned the Arab arch of the decorated instep.

Ascending from the shoe, we behold, in the old pictures, the fine white stocking, tightly drawn, clasping and displaying the manly calf; calves have disappeared now—though sometimes the entire man is merged in the calf. Then the purple velvet small-clothes, the rich embroidered waistcoats—ample garments really worthy of the name; the voluminous coats of the costliest material—of Lyons silk, or three-piled Genoa velvet; the lace cravats, the frills, the ruffles round the hands—in fact, we pause, bewildered in the enumeration of these splendors.

We have scarcely left room to speak of our great-grandmothers, but we will let another, inspired by the same topic, embody our ideas: "Tell me, ye fair ones, have ye not listened with breathless interest to the delightful descant of some venerable dame on the hoops, flounces and furbelows; the patches and paints; the stomachers, the caps, the storied head dresses and high-heeled shoes of her youth? Has not the description of her bridal suit induced the mournful contrast of your own? Let me ask you if when a stray remnant of taffeta or brocade, wrought into a pin-cushion, or dovetailed into a piece of patchwork, meets your eyes, have you not grieved to think that they weave no such silks now-a-days?"

In good old colony times there was no Italian opera, no railroad, no Rachel; but then there was solid mahogany instead of veneering, and brilliant and picturesque apparel, instead of sombre and ungraceful habiliments.

STEAMER ADRIATIC.—This new ship of the Collins's is the largest ever built in the United States. She is thoroughly braced with iron, and as staunch as she is symmetrical. She cost the trifling sum of one million dollars.

HYGYENIC.—Wearing pantaloons so tight as to dispense with suspenders, is said to be very injurious to the health—nearly as much so as tight lacing to ladies.

VERY REASONABLE.—"How long do you stay in London?" asked one Oxford student of another. "Ten guineas," was the answer.

LIGHT READINGS.

A jest is a good thing, but it is not well to be a jester. Wit and humor are the spice of literature, but not its staple. That reader is a mere trifler who only skims books for the sake of the sparkles on their surface, and never dives boldly to the deep well of truth below. But as

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men,"

we will throw together a few lively anecdotes and sayings from the Collection of Menage, whose associates were men of wit and wisdom, who in their liveliest sallies were often philosophical.

A Gascon who was on ill terms with the Bishop of Bazas, vowed he would never pray in that diocese. One day, passing a river and being in danger, the boatman said that nothing remained to him but to betake himself to prayer. "Well," said the Gascon, "are we out of the diocese of Bazas?"

The Duke of Orleans was in the garden of the Luxembourg when it was very hot. The sun beat directly on the heads of his courtiers who were uncovered. M. de Bantru, who was present, observed, that princes did not love their friends. The duke said the reproach could not attach to him, for he loved them very much. "Your highness must love them boiled then," returned Bantru, "or at least, well roasted."

M. Toinard said the reason why people did not return borrowed books was, that they could more easily retain the contents than remember them.

An Italian, haranguing a thin audience, opened his address with the following words, "*Pochissimi Signori,* (very few gentleman)."

At Saint Barthelemy, near La Ferte—Gaucher, an old countryman, lay on his death-bed. His son went to fetch the clergyman, and stood knocking softly at his door for three hours. "Why didn't you knock leuder?" said the clergyman. "I was afraid of waking you," said the clown. "Well, what is the matter?" "I left my father dying, sir." "So, so, he must be dead then by this time?" "O, no, sir," returned the other, "Neighbor Peter said he would amuse him till I came back."

Says a judge in a court of law, "Keep silence there! It is very strange one cannot have silence. Here have we been deciding goodness knows how many cases, and have not heard one of them."

In the last will and testament left by Mr. de Langre, was the following item. "To my steward, I leave nothing, *because* he has been in my service eighteen years." In another, he bequeathed a hundred crowns to whoever should write his epitaph. Some one produced the following:

"Monsieur de Langre wrote his own will then?
And you're to pay me if I tip it off;
A hundred crowns bequeathed to buy an epitaph?
No bad thing for the times we live in [illegible] men.
Well, count away—"
Now pay [illegible]

A GALLANT ROBBER.

Travellers are so often plundered on the Mexican highways, that an accident of this sort attracts scarcely any attention. So when the Morelia mail was stopped, some weeks ago, no one spoke of the occurrence, except to laugh at the gallantry of one of the bandits. A lady, young and pretty of course, wore a rich diamond on one of her fingers, which attracted the eager eyes of the leader of the band. He asked for it very politely. The lady, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, extended the hand which wore the brilliant treasure. But the hand was so pretty that the gallant bandit, after having contemplated it fixedly for some moments, instead of taking the ring, said to the wearer: "I beg, madam, that you will condescend to keep the diamond in memory of me." She will not be likely to forget him.

SPORTING.—Some people cannot see any fun in gunning. They are like the alderman, who, when he was asked to make one of a shooting party, answered: "Not such an ass; make one of the Nimrods, but fight shy of the ramrods: don't stand going out to shoot and coming home shot. He must be an awkward sportsman, indeed, who don't bring down one friend in a season. They who lay their own lives against that of a pheasant may be making a fair bet; but I think mine worth a trifle more; and, besides, I hate giving trouble to a coroner."

THE RACHEL MANAGEMENT.—The Boston press, generally, were severe upon the parsimony of the Rachel management, in assigning them, at the eleventh hour, undesirable and unsaleable seats. The local press makes the success of public performers, and their services should be acknowledged by courteous treatment. It is always well to keep on the right side of the editorial fraternity.

COAL VEIN ON FIRE.—This is a rare phenomenon, but one now seen at Beaver Meadows, Pennsylvania. It is a difficult thing to extinguish, all air currents having to be walled up, and then the mine injected with volumes of steam.

AGRICULTURAL.—The California State Agricultural Fair in October, was nearly as good as ours. One calf, seven and-a-half months old weighed 800 pounds. *Dicere quid velis,* to say what veal is, one must go to California.

PURE WINE.—An old adage says, "Any port in a storm." An old wine-drinker says, "If you would get pure port, you must go to Oporto, make it yourself, and ride home on the cask."

NAHANT HOTEL.—Col. Stevens is again enlarging the Nahant Hotel. A building 130 feet in length is to be added, which will make it the largest hotel in the Union.

DRAWING IN THE EVENING SCHOOLS.—The Board of Education, in New York, has very wisely introduced a new branch of instruction, that of drawing, into the night schools.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Wm. H. Brown, the noted ship-builder of New York, lately died very suddenly.

With apples at five cents a bushel, we should think the people of Iowa would have pies enough.

Henry Perritt, the nag that ran the fastest mile on record, died at Nashville, lately.

The executors of Mr. Webster are about to pay his creditors a dividend of 21 3-4 per cent.

Gunpowder was worth ten cents a pound here before the war—now it is twenty.

Widow Wilson, whose husband was killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has recovered $4500.

Gen. Cass's memoirs are about to be published. His life has been eventful.

Madame Anna Bishop and Bochsa are in Australia, exchanging notes for gold.

Seven hundred Polish emigrants are on their way to Galveston, Texas.

The character of Isabel, in the "Hidden Path," is a portrait of Grace Greenwood.

Ole Bull is concertizing in Canada. "Norway's swaying pine" is still attractive.

The meanest man in creation may thank Heaven he is not the King of Naples.

The viceroy of Egypt started lately for Europe, but turned back because he was sea-sick.

The drummer who beat the drum for the "march of time," now plays the "horn of plenty."

After about ten years' time, very dry wood spontaneously takes fire.

Mons. Godard lately made a balloon ascension on horseback—horse very much alarmed.

In Philadelphia, there was a large meeting of the opponents of flour speculation, lately.

A German girl, acquitted of larceny in Philadelphia, kissed her counsel right "before folks."

We shall have to pay for the Eastern war in the high prices of necessary articles.

Miss Adelaide Phillips was quite successful in her late concerts here.

Judge Campbell, of California, who lately paid us a visit, has gone home again.

French Jews are the poorest hands in the world at humbugging Bostonians.

A large amount of the Danish Sound dues goes into private pockets, it is said.

Hon. M. P. Wilder distinguished himself greatly by his management of the Agricultural Fair.

There is a prospect of good sleighing, this winter. Several flakes of snow have already fell.

PURCHASE OF RUSSIAN SHIPS.

The attorney general has given his opinion that American citizens may purchase Russian ships, and place them under the American flag, while the French consul at this port sees fit to publish a "caution" to our people, stating that the French government would not recognize such a transfer and change of nationality, and that such ships will be liable to seizure. The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says that France, that she will receive no support in it from any other European nation, "and if she attempts to give it practical illustration, so far as regards ships transferred in good faith to American purchasers, she will certainly meet decisive resistance at our hands."

We rather think that Mr. Louis Napoleon will conclude it is not best to meddle with any vessel that has the stars and stripes at her mizzenpeak, and an American register in her captain's locker. If we wanted a ship, we would buy a Russian as quick as any other.

A NOBLE IDEA.

Dr. Dewey, in one of his recent Lowell lectures, said: "He should wish to see a cathedral in all our cities fashioned after the form of the interlaced arches of forest trees and the clustering shafts of groves and solemn shades, with niches for men to step into and kneel a few moments in prayer; and he should never think that art truly appealed to spiritual beauty till he saw this. Tell him not of the expense. Enough was expended in ice cream every ten years to build a cathedral. He would have such a structure built not by any one church, but all churches; and what an expressive symbol of unity it would be!" The idea is worthy of consideration. A superb temple in each of our great cities, erected by a combination of all sects to the Great Being, whom all Christians alike worship, would sanctify and make holy the place it occupied.

KING BOMBA.—The Manchester Guardian gives the following reason why the king of Naples has been called Bomba: "The word *bomba* in Italian, means bomb-shell; and the only reason we are aware of for the application of the nickname to his majesty of Naples, is the fact of that potentate having made free use of these persuasives, in the year 1848, against his rebellious subjects."

ART, GOSSIP AND SCANDAL.—Ruskin, the great English critic, is an enthusiastic admirer of Millais, the painter. His wife was still more so, and got a divorce from him, against his will, to marry Millais. Ruskin continues to speak well of Millais's pictures.

THE BATH TRIBUNE.—We congratulate the citizens of Bath, Me., in having for a resident among them, and editor of the paper abovenamed, our friend, Albert G. Tenney, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, a fine writer and as true-hearted a man as ever breathed.

PRINTERS.—A Printers' Library Association has been formed in this city, Albert Morgan, President. A library and reading room will be provided for the resort and recreation of printers connected with the daily press.

RUSSIAN TOLERANCE.—In Russia, Anabaptists, Roman Catholics, Lutherans and Calvinists may hold the highest offices in the State. Nesselrode is a member of the church of England.

TELEGRAPHIC.—The Philadelphia Board of Trade have recommended our government to send out a steamer next summer to make soundings of a route for a trans-Atlantic telegraph.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Shindley Family," a tale by F. CLINTON BARRINGTON.
"To my Mother," lines by MIRA L. DONELSON.
"The Old House with the Bow Window," a story by MAURICE SILINGSBY.
"Julia," a poem by WILLIE E. PABOR.
"My First Temptation," a tale by HORACE B. STANIFORD.
"Not all for Fame," a poem by FREDERICK J. KEYES.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give a local scene characteristic of New England, entitled Preparing for Thanksgiving.

Representation of chef d'ouvres of art exhibited by the Cosmopolitan Art Union in New York, the first being the celebrated Genoa Crucifix; second, a beautiful statue of Washington, by Powers, and, third, a statue of Franklin, also by Powers.

A series of views in Norwalk, Conn., giving, first, a picture of the Episcopal Church; second, a general view of the Green, one of those breathing-places, now becoming common in our principal cities; third, view of the Union School; fifth, representation of a part of Main Street, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town; and lastly, a view in State Street.

Portrait of Hon. Joseph T. Buckingham, well known in our community as one of the veterans in the ranks of printers and editors.

Representation of the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland.

Town of Bagtcheseral, one of the capitals of the Crimea, and Head Quarters of the Russians.

Prince Menschikoff's Palace at Bagtcheseria.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

A man named Vriezon, of Dixemperle, near Diest, in Belgium, recently caused the birth of his twenty-fifth child to be registered.

In Paris, apothecaries are obliged to put up all poisons in red paper, while white labels must be used for medicine intended for internal application.

The distinguished savant, Mr. Magendie, the first physiologist of France, died in Paris on the 9th of October—his seventy-second birthday—of disease of the heart.

One of the journals of Berlin states that there is an association of ladies in Naumberg who meet at fixed times to implore the assistance of Heaven to the Russian arms, and make lint for the wounded at Sebastopol.

A single pound of flaxen thread, intended for the finest specimen of French lace, is valued at $600, and the length of the thread is about 226 miles. One pound of this thread is more valuable than two pounds of gold.

An extraordinary decrease has taken place in the number of German emigrants to America, during the present year. In 1854, no less than 76,000 passed by way of Bremen, a number which has been reduced in the present year to less than 20,000.

The railway from Copenhagen to Korscar is now terminated, and was opened to the public on the 12th of November, when the rolling stock was delivered. This line is eighty-five English miles in length, and crosses the island of Zealand in its widest part.

One of the superstitions of France is, that a fire kindled by lightning cannot be extinguished, and that he who attempts to extinguish it will die within the year. The mayor of a country village lately had to arrange with [illegible] to assist him in pouring on water.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Our passions are a disease, which, by frequency and neglect, becomes fatal.

Evil thoughts intrude in an unemployed mind, as naturally as worms are generated in a stagnant pool.

Assumed qualities may catch the affections of some, but one must possess qualities really good, to fix the heart.

We are all surrounded and beset with evils; and as they cannot be avoided, the mind ought to be prepared to encounter them.

Dean Swift said with much truth, "It is useless to attempt to reason a man out of a thing he was never reasoned into. The best argument will be thrown away upon a fool."

The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities, but to make them.

Cheerfulness should be encouraged in youth, if we would wish to have the benefit of it in old age; time will make a generous wine more mellow; but it will turn that which is early to fret, to vinegar.

The triumph of great souls is to be placed in difficult situations; it is there that all their genius is displayed; but it is the greatest of all misfortunes to ordinary minds.

There is a certain ordeal which all men must undergo in their passage through life, and it is very questionable whether he succeeds the best, who commences under the most apparently advantageous circumstances.

Many a true heart, that would have come back like the dove to the ark, after the first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace, the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving soul.

Joker's Budget.

"I'll take your part," as the dog said, when he robbed the cat of her portion of the dinner.

Quirk says lawyers would make splendid dragoons—they are awful on a *charge.*

A friend of ours stands up so strongly for the press, that he wont on any account, consent to have his books bound.

Everybody weeping at a pathetic sermon except a countryman, he was asked the reason. "Sir," said he, "I do not belong to this parish."

The biped who sows dissensions between a man and his wife, is very apt to reap axe-helves and mop-sticks—a poor crop, and not worth cultivating.

M. de L. went to Rome to be made a cardinal, and returned with nothing but a cold. Somebody said it was because he came back without a hat.

The Abbe de la Victorie said of G. who always dined abroad, and who spoke ill of every one, "That fellow never opens his mouth but at somebody's expense."

A placard issued by one of the singing saloons, invites the public to come and satisfy themselves that the music is "fitted to soothe the savage soul."

An exchange paper tells the story of a man who was found on a Sunday morning without a hat, sitting on a block of granite with his bare feet in a brook, trying to catch a bad cold, so as to sing base at church.

Meeting a negro on the road, a traveller said—"You have lost some of your friends, I see?" "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or a distant relative?" "Well, putty distant—'bout twenty-four miles," was the reply.

M. de la Roulerie, kinsman of M. de Bantru, having eaten himself out of house and land, an Italian who was at table with him, said, "Your lordship eats nothing." "No," said he, "my lordship is eaten."

Quill and Scissors.

A London paper says that the Duke of Northumberland has been expending the enormous sum of £50,000 a year in re-building cottages, farm houses and buildings, and in draining lands, on his vast estates in Northumberland, to say nothing of the splendid improvements in the stately castles of Alnwick and Warkworth.

Professor Bache notes the following singular difference in the motion of the tides in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. On our own coast, in the Atlantic, they flow from east to west; on the coast of Great Britain, from west to east; and on the Pacific, their motion is circular—they sweep round by Asia, turn, and flow back.

Vermont appears to be a model State in regard to the management of its finances. The total disbursements of the State revenue for the year ending the 3d of August last, were only $153,127—or *twenty-seven* times less than the actual expenses of the government of the city of New York.

A quantity of bayonets and spear-heads were turned up in digging a grave in the yard of the Second Presbyterian Church, at Charleston, S. C., lately. They are supposed to have been buried in 1822 by the then sexton of the church, who was implicated in the projected insurrection of the slaves.

The Rothschilds, according to their own estimate, possess $700,000,000 in personal property, exclusive of real estate, seignories, mines, etc., which amount to at least half as much more, making the enormous sum of over one thousand million dollars, or an amount much larger than the entire valuation of New York city.

The village of Bath, Steuben county, N. Y., must certainly be of the "Sleepy Hollow" class. The Albany (N. Y.) Knickerbocker says it is informed by an old resident, that the village actually contains *two* more persons than it did during the Revolution!

Citizens of the United States, in common with all other foreign Christians, enjoy the privileges of exterritoriality in Turkey, including Egypt; the same in the Turkish regencies of Tripoli and Tunis; and also in the independent Arabic States of Morocco and Muscat.

A lad about nine years of age, named James Gilding, lately committed suicide by drowning himself in the pond of the Haywood Chair Manufacturing Company, situated in Gardner, Mass. No reasons were given for the act, which was a deliberate one.

Buttons, rivalling the jet in beauty of gloss and finish, are now made from Indian rubber, under Goodyear's patent. The United States Navy and several large clothing-houses have adopted the new style.

A gentleman named Baker was to deliver an address at the Illinois State Fair, last week, but was taken ill, when his son mounted the platform, and performed his father's task. It was all in the family.

Messrs. Mabee and McGowan, of Alton, Illinois, engaged in the cultivation of sweet potatoes, state that the receipts from twelve acres of potatoes, after deducting all expenses, were $2012, or $167,70 per acre.

The New York Times estimates the number of disorderly women in that city at 34,000. Cause—"To making a shirt, 10 cents!" [illegible] women!" The thing is in a Legislature for the erection of statues [illegible] ington and Jackson in the State Capitol at Nashville, the statues to be the work of an American artist.

Seventy-one feet of black snakes, nineteen in number, are reported to have been killed by Mr. Abraham I. Potter, on his premises in North Dartmouth, a short time since.

The United States have just recovered a judgment of between $14,000 and $15,000 against Mr. Hyde, the Collector of the port of Detroit, Michigan, under the late administration.

The Courts in Canada have decided that a shareholder in a public company, who has not paid up his stock, is liable to any credit of the company to the extent of his arrears.

A youth in Chicopee, Mass, while attempting to kiss a young lady, slipped and fell just before reaching her, thus losing his kiss and two front teeth.

Gov. Wright, of Indiana, having become the happy father of a pair of twins, a boy and a girl, has named the boy Kentucky, and the girl Indiana.

A Mr. Sinclair, of Janesville, Wis., having a fortune of $150,000, imagining himself on the verge of poverty, cut his throat.

Commodore John D. Daniels, U. S. N., died at Baltimore, lately, aged seventy-three years.

Thirty thousand dollars have been raised in Sacramento for a Masonic hall.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. Charles H. Cleveland to Miss Abby Redding.

By Rev. Mr. Blaikie, Mr. Samuel Wright to Miss Sarah Grey, both of North Bridgewater.

By Rev. Mr. Kalloch, Mr. George H. Drew to Miss Clara A. N. Burton.

By Rev Dr. Caldicott, Samuel H. Loring, Esq. to Miss Sarah O. H. Eaton; Richard A. Howes, Esq. to Miss Mary Eaton—daughters of Ezra Eaton, Esq.

By Rev. Mr Randall, Mr. Benjamin F. Hollis to Miss Mary P. Melvin.

By Rev. Mr. Porter, Mr. William H. Chase to Miss Jennie Frances, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Gardner Creamer to Miss Julia A. Winchenbaugh.

At Brighton, by Rev. Mr. Whitney, Mr. Charles H. Mayo to Miss Harriet A. Harding, both of Union, Me.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Tappan, of Charlestown, Dr. H. P. Hemenway, of Boston, to Miss Harriet E. Gross.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Briggs, Capt. William T. Savory to Miss Laura Daland.

At Gloucester, Mr. Lemuel E. Williams to Miss Ruth E. Parsons.

At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Spalding, Oliver F. Gerrish, Esq of Portsmouth, N. H., to Miss Martha A. Morse.

At Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Wasson, Mr. J. T. Durkey to Miss Susannah Gibbs, both of Weedsport, N. Y.

At New Bedford, by Rev. Mr. Gavitt, Mr. John W. Norton to Miss Hannah B. Morse, both of Edgartown.

At Providence, R. I., by Rev. Dr. Leavitt, Mr. Warren A. Green to Miss Anne E. Potter.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Susan H. Foster, 64; Mrs. Prudence G. Johnson, 40; Mrs. Ellen Amanda, wife of Mr. William H. Kent; Mr. Charles W. Ayers, 69.

At Charlestown, Col. Timothy Upham, formerly of Portsmouth, N. H., 72.

At Cambridgeport, Mr. Ansel Davis, 52.

At Milton, Miss Ruth Tucker, 68.

At Grantville, Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of the late Joseph Arnold, 68.

At Saxonville, Mrs. Maria H., wife of Rev. Thomas B. Treadwell, 37.

At Andover, Miss Anna Ames, 79.

At Gloucester, Widow Lydia Davis, 89.

At Worcester, Mr. Augustus B. Waters, 45; Mr. Henry Gates, 46.

At Spencer, Mr. Daniel Capen, 64.

At New Bedford, Mr Isaac Manchester, 52; Mr. Martin Kingman, 64.

At Dartmouth, Mrs. Sarah S., wife of Capt. Abner Smith, 40.

At Barnstable, Mrs. Eleanor C., wife of Mr. William D. Lewis, 34.

At Greenfield, Miss Mary Grennell, 63.

At Hopkinton, Mrs. Susannah K., widow of the late Dea. Isaac Long, 84.

At North Amherst, Mrs. Edith Field, 80.

At Lunenburg, Mrs. Priscilla, wife of Dea. Merrick Wetherbee, 58.

At Deerfield, N. H., Mr. Joseph W. Savage, formerly of Charlestown, Mass., 29.

At West Gorham, Me., Mr. Jonathan Shaw, 87.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE JOYS OF LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

When hopes we cherish quickly fade
  Within the shadowy past;
When loudly roars around our path
  Misfortune's bitter blast;
When nature to our stricken souls
  A dreary aspect wears,
And we are bowed beneath the weight
  Of life's unchanging cares;
When winds are howling wildly round
  Life's dark and gloomy skies;
O, then the faded joys of yore
  Around our pathway rise.

Though faded now, yet once I thought
  That they could ne'er decay;
Yet, like the fragile summer flowers,
  They all have passed away;
And the emotion of my heart
  Is chilled above the scene,
As on the wreck of love I gaze,
  And think what once has been;
And vain, O vain is the attempt,
  Within the past to find
One charm, one hope that cheers the soul,
  Or gives peace to the mind.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE COQUETTE.

BY MRS. MARY MAYNARD.

"Is it not cruel to wound our kind cousin's feelings with your coquetry, sister mine? You know how fondly he loves you; how many proofs he has given of his devotion to you; how sensitive he is to slight or neglect; and yet you indulge in that folly that distresses him most," and the speaker wound her fair arms round her sister's waist, and looked up lovingly into her eyes, as if to plead for pardon for her unasked advice.

"You may spare your lectures, Alice—I shall act as I think proper; and Sidney has no right to control me—no more right than you have to censure me;" and with an impatient movement, the angry beauty strove to free herself from the clinging arms.

"Florence, forgive me; I meant not to censure you; and if I said more than was proper, you must excuse my hasty words. You know how good our cousin is; how well he has supplied a brother's place to us; and now, when you have won his heart, and all his hopes and wishes are centered on your love, I cannot see you fling aside that heart, and crush those hopes, without one word to warn you of the danger of such flirtation when exercised on one like him. You do not love this stranger who has so completely engrossed your attention for the past three days; and yet your unkindness to Sidney has clouded his brow, and filled my heart with sorrow." [illegible] and there some hope of a favorable answer to her entreaties, while the tears rolled slowly down her flushed cheeks.

"What folly, Alice! I do not love our handsome cousin; and surely you will not blame me if he has been so unwise as to bestow his heart on my unworthy self. Nor do I think him more worthy of pity than a score of others, on not one of whom did you think proper to waste those precious tears. Sidney would no doubt feel deeply grateful did he but know how sincere a friend he had in his fair cousin Alice, and might find consolation in his disappointment. May I inform him of the interest you feel in the success of his suit?"

There was no answer to the sarcastic question; and Alice, slowly rising from her sister's side, left the room. For a few moments Florence gazed after her in a half-repentant manner, as if she would fain call back the gentle sister, of whose loving attachment she had many proofs; but in a little time the cloud passed from her brow, and with a sigh of relief, she took from her bosom a letter. After closely examining the seal and direction, she opened the envelope, and with burning cheeks, and unconcealed joy flashing from her beautiful eyes, read the warm love-words traced on its pages. After twice reading down the magic words, she pressed the precious manuscript to her lips, and kissing it again and again, carefully replaced it in her bosom, and clasping her hands over it as if to make sure of its safety, leaned back on the rich velvet cushions of her lounge, and closed her eyes, as if to ponder over the new joy.

Very beautiful she looked as she reclined there; her lips half parted with a triumphant smile, and her cheeks flushed with pleasure; her hands, nervously clasped together, betrayed her excited state of mind, and a little foot in its velvet slipper beat impatient time on the soft ottoman. For ten minutes she sat, the image of gratified pride and joy, and then other thoughts swept through her mind; and the flush left her face, the clasped hands sunk slowly to her lap, her bosom heaved with heavy sighs, and her heart beat painfully, as if it would burst through the confining folds of her crimson robe. Fast the hot tears fell on her hands, and glittered on the precious gems that adorned her slender fingers; but like a summer shower, the cloud soon passed off, and pressing her hands to her face she crushed the remaining tears beneath the long lashes, and rising, stood before the mirror endeavoring to remove all traces of her recent emotion.

While she is thus employed we will give the reader a more satisfactory introduction to the persons already brought before them, as also to some yet unknown. Florence and Alice were the daughters of Sir Richard Harwood, a rich English baronet. They had lost their mother in early childhood, and their father, eschewing the matrimonial snares laid for him by numberless husband-hunting young ladies, and feeling keenly the loss of a beloved wife, had devoted several years to retirement, and in the society of his little girls, and in the improvement and care of his numerous tenantry, had found comfort and consolation. As years passed on, and his daughters grew up, Sir Richard felt it to be his duty once more to mingle in those scenes where his lost wife had once been so bright a star, and no longer deprive his beautiful daughters of the advantages afforded them by their wealth and station. He invited his sister-in-law, the widow of his brother, and the mother of his heir, to become the mistress of his town mansion, and be the escort of his motherless girls into those scenes of London society that her superior wisdom and thorough knowledge of that society well fitted her for.

She was a middle-aged, handsome woman, well educated and of exceedingly prepossessing manners. For many years she also had lived in the country, disgusted with society and all the world; but when, at her brother's entreaty, she once more resumed her place, there were many who warmly welcomed her return; and she soon found herself the centre of an intellectual and refined circle, far removed from the common insipidity of London society.

To Sir Richard, the renewal of old friendships, and the constant meetings with old time acquaintances, was exceedingly pleasant after so many years of separation; and as the young ladies were evidently pleased with the new life opened to them, it appeared at first sight as if the change had been an unusually happy one.

But there was one who did not rejoice in the prospect before him; one whose heart did not throb with joyous anticipations, and whose fears outbalanced all other sensations, and that one was Sidney Harwood, the nephew and heir of Sir Richard, the playfellow and friend of his daughters—the lover of Florence.

In the retirement and quietude of their life at Harwood Park, the girls had always welcomed their handsome and entertaining cousin with the warmest expressions of joy. And he, as he watched the growing loveliness of Florence, and listened to her gentle voice, murmuring sweet sisterly welcomes as he embraced and kissed her—as he had always done since they were children—felt his heart throb with delight at the thought that this beautiful flower, which was all his own, had known no other love. But there was a rival in Florence's heart, all undreamed of by her unsuspecting cousin, scarcely known at this time to herself; a powerful rival, before whose mighty strength poor Sidney's love should be swept away as a leaf before the wind; and this love was her love of admiration. Openly admired by her father and sister, flattered by her attendants, and almost adored by Sidney himself, it would have been impossible for Florence not to have known herself beautiful; and it was impossible to conceal her joy at their proposed introduction to society—joy that sent a terror to her lover's heart.

He knew the trying ordeal through which a young beauty passes, made more dangerous if she herself courts the admiration so lavishly bestowed on a new favorite, and the delight she had so earnestly expressed gave him but little [illegible] known to her father his wishes and intentions, and also his dissatisfaction at the proposed arrangement; but on asking his mother's advice—in whom, by the way, he placed implicit confidence—she strongly persuaded him from so hasty a step.

"If Florence is worthy of your love, my son, she will not change; and you should rather rejoice that you will have this opportunity of judging of her character, her constancy, and her attachment for yourself. Residing in the same house, you will have every facility for your purpose of learning a disposition which, with all due deference for your superior judgment, I think far from perfect."

Poor Sidney was but little comforted by his mother's advice, and resolved, let what would come, never to lose his faith in the perfection of his idol.

A very short residence in town showed the wisdom of Mrs. Harwood's prophecies, and filled her son's mind with despair. Florence yielded herself entirely up to the fascinating influence of adulation and flattery, and became a dangerous coquette, winning hearts for the mere pleasure of flinging them away again; and yet so perfectly free was she from scorn or ill-temper in the treatment of her victims, so enchanting had she become in her new and exciting mode of life, that not a whisper was even breathed against her, even by those who felt her cruelty most. Many sighed in secret over her coldness of heart, but all were ready to bow before her, to attend her steps, to wait her pleasure, to fulfil her slightest wishes. To the gentle Alice, this triumph gave mingled pain and pleasure. That her sister should be loved and admired, caressed and sought after, was all right and quite natural she thought, but that Sidney should be slighted and rendered unhappy, his love disregarded and himself neglected, was more than her kind heart could bear unmoved. She had frequently sought for an interview with her sister of late, but Florence avoided her, and it was only by chance that she had found her sufficiently at leisure to hold the conversation that was concluded at the commencement of our story.

Alice was two years younger than her sister, and of quite a different style of beauty. While Florence rejoiced in the glossy black tresses, flashing eyes and brilliant complexion of the Harwoods, Alice looked no less lovely in some eyes, with her soft, light curls, clear blue eyes, and delicate rose-leaf complexion, especially when those beautiful eyes filled with tears of compassion at a sad tale, or her delicate cheek flushed with pleasure at seeing some loved friend. Sir Richard was proud of his eldest daughter, proud of her beauty and accomplishments, her wit and grace, and very proud of the admiration she excited; but when he was weary of society, of the glitter and false show of ball rooms, the hollow-heartedness of so-called society, it was to his Alice he looked for refreshing and comforting, to her and her sweet conversation, so pure and fresh amid a world of glittering deceit, that in his heart the father blessed the lovely image of his lost wife, and felt thankful that no one as yet had usurped his place in her heart.

To her aunt, Alice was also very dear, and it had long been a source of grief to that good lady that her only son should be so blind to the perfections of his youngest cousin. But Sidney was far from blind in this respect, and had long loved and respected Alice, although his heart was completely under the control of another. That Alice had a more than sisterly regard for her cousin, Mrs. Harwood had long suspected, and her anxiety for Sidney's happiness had opened Florence's eyes to something of the same idea. Hence her rather insulting speech on the morning when Alice made her last effort to induce her to change her conduct in regard to their cousin. The stranger mentioned by the younger sister, was a gentleman with whom Sir Richard had been slightly acquainted some ten years previously. They had met quite unexpectedly in London, the acquaintance was renewed, and Colonel Burton invited to his friend's house. Sir Richard would have ridiculed the idea of danger to his young daughters in the society of a man almost as old as himself, but it was soon evident that the beautiful Florence took unusual interest in the conversation of the handsome officer, and equally evident that he was interested in return. To her father, this gave pleasure, as he hoped she was growing weary of the attentions of the numerous fashionable young men who unceasingly followed her; but to Alice it was a new source of trouble, as she felt convinced that the stranger was far more likely to prove a rival to Sidney than all the gay flatterers who had hitherto come between him and his love.

Colonel Burton had long been set down by those who knew him best, as a confirmed old bachelor. Not that he despised ladies' society, or had too good an opinion of himself and liberty, but simply because he had passed unharmed through all the traps and snares so bewitchingly laid for him by cunning match-makers. If he has lived so long heart whole, they argued, it is not likely he will change his old habits, and settle down into married life, now, when his taste for travelling and adventure has become a habit.

"The beauty may fascinate our young beaux," said a titled dowager, the mother of half-a-dozen homely daughters, and a little envious of Florence's popularity among the gentlemen; "but with all her winning arts, she will find the colonel more than her match."

The objects of her remarks were at that moment apparently unconscious that the world contained aught save themselves and each other—the gentleman in eager conversation, the lady listening with deep attention, her flushed cheek and downcast eye betraying how interesting his words were to her feelings.

That the dowager, Lady M——, had good reason to believe the colonel difficult to catch, there could be no doubt, but that he was uncatchable, there were many who left the ball room that night, who certainly doubted. When [illegible] Burton found himself alone in his apparently revolving in his mind some knotty question. At last he came to a full stop, and throwing himself into a chair, exclaimed:

"Yes, I will marry her; she loves me, and I will marry her;" and without further deliberation, he drew his elegant writing-desk to the edge of the table, and penned the words that filled the heart of Florence with such new emotions.

She had felt from the first that he possessed a strange influence over her; and now when she read the words that told her how powerful her charms had been in conquering a heart so long invincible, it was little wonder that gratified pride was the first sensation. This mood was quickly changed into a painfully distressing recollection of Sidney's love and despair, and caused the tears to flow from her own excited heart. Her tears were soon banished by the thought that to-day her hand was to be asked of her father—to day she was to receive the colonel as her lover.

Ringing for her maid, she proceeded to dress with unusual care, and had scarcely arranged the last fold, and clasped on the last bracelet, when summoned to meet her father in the library. She cast one glance in the mirror to convince herself that all was right, and then slowly descended the wide staircase, her heart beating loudly, and her hands trembling with agitation. One moment she held the handle of the door, and then turning it quickly she found herself in the presence of her aunt, her father, and Colonel Burton. The first looked distressed, the second evidently out of humor, and the last not a little discomposed.

She felt the warm, suffocating sensation of a person fainting, and would have fallen to the floor had her father not supported her. Placing her in a chair, he proceeded to ask if she was aware of the colonel's errand. On her signifying an affirmation, he told her to consider solemnly what she was doing, not hastily to form a contract so solemn, but that if it was necessary to her happiness he should not forbid it, however unsuitable their ages were. Her answer was, to hold out her hand to the colonel, which that gallant officer knelt to receive, pressing the white and jewelled fingers to his lips, and inwardly admiring his ladylove's taste in dress. The father looked sad, the aunt still distressed; but the principal actors in the scene performed their part to perfection.

It was at this unfortunate juncture, while the colonel was still on one knee, Florence, with her handkerchief to her eyes, considerably affected, and her aunt and father deliberating on the propriety of leaving them alone together, that Sidney gently unclosed the door, expecting to find his uncle alone as usual, with the morning paper.

One glance was sufficient to show him how matters stood, and withdrawing as silently as he had entered, he slowly ascended the stairs again, on his way to his own room. In the gallery he had to pass a deep window, and attracted by the sound of sobs, he drew aside the curtain, and there, on the cushioned seat, her favorite reading place, with her face buried in the pillows, lay poor Alice.

Lifting her from her despairing attitude, he seated himself beside her, and smoothed the wet curls from her face. He kissed her cheek, as he had done when in her childish griefs she had fled to him for comfort, but now she shrank from the touch of his lips, and strove to free herself from his supporting arms. He drew her to him more forcibly, and while a paler shade came over his already death-like countenance, asked, in a hoarse voice:

"Will you cast me off, too, Alice?"

And then when the slight form quivered in his embrace, and he felt the wild throbbing of her heart against his breast, he pressed one long, despairing kiss on her lips, and again placing her on the sofa, rushed to his own room. While Alice lay fainting in the cushioned recess, and Sidney knelt beside his couch, vainly striving to overcome his misery, a very different scene was going on in the library.

Seated beside his beautiful betrothed, the colonel looked all the joy and pride he felt. He was rich, and this alone was needed to complete his happiness, a young, a lovely wife. He did not love Florence, for love made no part of his disposition; but he admired her, and rejoiced at the sensation his marriage would create. That she loved him, he was perfectly sure, and this had been the object of his life-long search—a beautiful wife, rich and affectionate. And none, to look on his young betrothed, could doubt her feelings towards him. Her downcast eyes, the varying color, told more than words how great was the power he possessed over her heart; and yet the colonel talked calmly and unconcernedly about their marriage, their journey to Italy, their future home; in fact, he told her all his plans for the future—that future in which she was to have so large a share,—and yet never by one word did he strive to banish the almost painful feeling of bashful confusion that overwhelmed her.

It is true he watched the crimson blush mount up to her white forehead with a feeling of satisfaction, and felt the little hand he held in his own tremble and quiver with suppressed emotion; but had she withdrawn her hand, he would have made no effort to detain it; and as for kissing her blushing cheek or rosy lips, Colonel Burton would never have attempted any thing so likely to disarrange the elegant precision of her beautifully dressed hair, or the graceful fall of her rich satin flowers.

Poor Florence! accustomed all her life to give free vent to her feelings, she felt a longing to throw herself into somebody's arms, and give way to her emotions. But there sat the colonel looking at her, kindly, it is true, but still by no means so sentimentally as she would have wished. She thought of Alice; but Alice would have no sympathy with her, as the betrothed of Sidney's rival. She thought of Sidney; of all his love and tenderness, of the many times he had folded her to his heart, imploring blessings on her head, of how rapturously he would have received the gift, so calmly accepted by another; [illegible] strength gave way, and she burst into a passionate flood [illegible] The colonel looked astounded at this unexpected [illegible] and after watching her for a few moments, got up and commenced to pace the floor.

Florence soon conquered her tears, and when she once more sat silent and still, her face covered with her handkerchief, he resumed his place at her side, and with quiet politeness, and in the gentlest tone imaginable, expressed his disapproval of all such violent displays of feeling. He said he was aware the events of the morning had been too exciting for her nerves, but hoped to meet her at the opera quite recovered; then finding that his words were not having the desired effect, and that her tears were flowing afresh, he once more lifted her hands to his lips, and with a low bow departed.

It seemed a day fated to bring sorrow to the occupants of that splendid mansion, for ere the sun set, Mrs. Harwood was called on to bid farewell to her darling son, nor could she find it in her heart to deny her consent to his departure, knowing how cruelly all his hopes had been crushed, and trusting that time and absence would efface the image of his cousin.

To his uncle, Sidney's absence was a great annoyance; he loved his company, and having a pretty clear idea of the cause of his sudden journey, felt a still greater dislike to the match that had caused so much trouble and grief in so short a time.

Sir Richard went out to walk off his annoyance; Mrs. Harwood went to her son's room to assist him in his hurried preparations; Florence double locked the door of her chamber, refusing admittance to all, and beginning to realize some of the misery of a marriage in which the love is all on one side; and Alice sat by her window, and silently wept over the troubles of the day. But when she saw the carriage drive to the door, the busy servants fling down the steps, place the heavy travelling trunks safely behind, assist Sir Richard in, and then draw back respectfully as Sidney advanced; and after shaking hands with the old gray-haired butler, who had carried him in his arms when a boy, step quickly in, and lean back on the cushions, poor Alice felt as if all her joys were taken away at once.

She felt deeply for her cousin leaving his home in this unhappy manner, but, like his mother, she thought it best that he should leave scenes that could only serve to remind him of happier days, and she breathed a fervent prayer that he might return to them safe, and cured of his unfortunate passion. She reproached herself when she recollected how she had repulsed his last kind caresses, and vainly wished that she could just ask him to forgive her rudeness. She was aroused by the entrance of her aunt, who, silently placing a parcel in her hand, kissed her and withdrew.

On unsealing the package, to her great joy she found it contained her cousin's miniature, and also an affectionate farewell note to herself, begging her acceptance of the likeness, entreating pardon for the unintentional distress his violence had occasioned her, explaining his reasons for not bidding her farewell in person, and begging her to continue a correspondence which he would commence on his arrival in Paris.

When Mrs. Harwood sought her nieces' chambers that night, as was her usual custom before retiring, she found Florence deep in the study of an illustrated monthly of Paris fashions and dress novelties. Her face still bore the marks of tears, but all other traces of distress had vanished, and she gaily asked her aunt's opinion on the rival merits of white satin and white brocade silk.

In her sister's chamber all was hushed and silent, and crossing the soft carpet with noiseless step, Mrs. Harwood leaned over the sweet sleeper, and kissed her delicate cheek. She smiled as she noticed the firm clasp of the slender white fingers, looking almost transparent in contrast with the blue silk coverlid, and caught flashes of the rich setting of Sidney's miniature, reflected by the light, in her hand. With a blessing on the head of her darling niece, she softly closed the door, and left her to her slumbers.

Colonel Burton insisted on having his marriage celebrated with as little delay as possible, and as Florence gave a willing assent to his wishes on the subject, busy preparations were immediately made for the wedding.

Alice treated her brother-expectant with a coldness quite unusual for her, and took but little part in the affair that engrossed the attention of the whole household with the exception of herself. At her sister's request, she usually spent an hour or two in the bride's own room every day, but no persuasions could induce her to enter the parlor, where her sister usually received her lover, when he was present.

One morning, when she had become completely tired of answering questions, admiring jewelry, and giving her opinion on various articles of dress, she was preparing to leave the room, when Florence suddenly asked when she had heard from Sidney. It happened that a letter had arrived that morning, and on her sister's expressing a wish to see it, Alice drew it forth from the folds of her dress. In doing so, her hand became entangled in the slender chain to which she had suspended her treasured miniature, and as she brought out the letter, the locket slipped from its hiding-place, also.

"Ah, a love gift, *ma belle!*" gaily exclaimed Florence, catching the likeness in her hand.

But when her eyes fell on the well-known features, and met the earnest glance of the dark eyes, so often turned to meet her own in bygone days, she became deathly pale, and with tearful eyes gazed long at the beautiful picture; then with an anxious look that touched Alice's tender heart, returned the precious gift. With an attempt to hide her confusion, Alice said:

"Only a brotherly present from our dear cousin." And she left the room.

From this time there was an increased coolness between the sisters, Florence evidently thinking that her sister was betrothed to Sidney, and feeling herself aggrieved at the same, notwithstanding she was about to marry the man of her choice, and to whom she became each day more attached. Hers was a strange love, all the more powerful for the reason that she feared Colonel Burton, and never received from him those little kind and loving attentions that go so far to sweeten the days of courtship. In all that was perfectly polite, and according to strict etiquette, the colonel was not found wanting, but there was none of that sweet sympathy between them, that Florence, even in her wildest days of flirtation, had never doubted would one day be hers. She loved the colonel with all her heart, and she, who had never yielded her will to another, in her life, now felt herself constrained to obey his every wish, to give up her own opinion on every occasion where they did not agree, and all without one word of thanks on his part, without the slightest symptom of gratitude.

Sidney had now been gone nearly three months, and the day appointed for the marriage of Florence drew near. Sir Richard had himself written to ask his nephew to return in time to be present at the ceremony, but as his answer pleaded pressing engagements, no more was said on the subject. For several weeks his letters had spoken of a certain Mr. Herbert and his sister Miriam, and from the terms in which he mentioned them, Alice concluded that they were in the habit of meeting daily. He represented Mr. Herbert as a most devoted brother, leaving home, and friends, and profession, to attend his invalid and orphan sister. That they were congenial spirits, and that Sidney had found such a friend, she rejoiced; but a little white hand was pressing on a beating heart as she read the glowing description he gave of the beauty, the talent, and the amiability of the fair sister of his friend. Poor Alice sighed as she read Sidney's enthusiastic description of his life in Italy—his life, made so happy by strangers. In imagination she beheld him in the flowery arbors he so frequently mentioned, seated beside the beautiful stranger, listening, entranced, to her sweet, low voice, breathing the loving Italian words of his favorite songs.

She felt but little encouragement to fulfil her design of surprising him with her own progress in music, as she heard of the proficiency of the lovely and interesting invalid. She grew pale and very quiet; but none thought it strange that so sensitive a disposition should feel keenly the separation from an only sister, and few noticed the retiring and unobtrusive bridemaid in the all-absorbing interest excited by the bride herself.

The sun shone brightly on the wedding morn, and never did a gayer party enter the church doors on a similar occasion, than that which attended Florence on this important day. A large party of officers, both army and navy, friends of Colonel Burton, added to the brilliancy of the scene, and their rich dress contrasted well with the snowy lace robes of their bridemaid's partners. Florence looked all she intended; and the happy colonel, at the conclusion of the service, drew her hand through his arm, and marched proudly down the aisle, with the look of a man quite satisfied with himself and the world.

In the confusion of the large party leaving the church, Alice and her partner were detained for some minutes in the porch waiting for the carriage. He was a pleasant, good-looking officer, and by way of passing the time as merrily as possible, gave her a very humorous description of an Italian wedding, at which he had

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been present a short time previously. After describing the ceremonies so religiously kept up by the peasantry of that country, he said he hoped soon to have the pleasure of congratulating their family on the marriage of one so near and dear to them all as his friend Sidney.

"Of course Miss Harwood was aware that her cousin had been engaged for nearly two months to a Miss Herbert, an exceedingly charming young lady."

Poor Alice listened to this confirmation of her worst fears with a sinking heart, and already worn out with the excitement of the morning, and the anxiety of her mind for the past few weeks, she leaned fainting against the wall, and when the carriage drew up to the door, and the party hastened to take their places, there was great confusion as the almost lifeless form was lifted up the steps and resigned to the care of the ladies.

All the way home their efforts were fruitless to recall the suspended faculties of the poor girl, and it was not until she was in her own room, and surrounded by the alarmed household, that Alice once more opened her eyes, and smiled on her anxious friends. She did not appear to witness the departure of the bridal party, but Florence found time to make a hasty visit to her sister.

She came into the room all fluttering with joy and excitement, and kissing Alice, and receiving her farewell blessings and good wishes, hastened away to join the waiting party in the hall. The last kisses were given and received, the father gave his child the parting embrace, the aunt whispered a few words of parting advice, the colonel shook hands with every one, and then assisting his bride to the carriage, and giving the last directions to his servant, the door closed with a slam, and they were gone.

For several days Alice was unable to leave her room, but when she once more made her appearance in the parlor, almost the first visitor she received was the gentleman whose unfortunate speech had so nearly betrayed her secret. He was very kind, and made many inquiries about her health, but no allusion to their previous conversation; and Alice congratulated herself that in his alarm at her sudden illness, the subject had been forgotten. It was only as he took his leave, and spoke of returning to the continent, that Sidney's name was mentioned; and then only to ask, in a tone of ordinary politeness, if he could be the bearer of letters to the absent one.

Had Captain Lawson been as indifferent about her feelings as Alice supposed he was, he could scarcely have avoided noticing her confusion as he mentioned her cousin's name. The kind-hearted officer had seen enough of human nature to make him understand that there was something of more than common interest in his communication, to cause the lady to faint so suddenly. Added to this, he had been deeply impressed with the gentle loveliness of the inanimate girl, as he supported her insensible form and assisted in her recovery; and now, as the only return he could make for having so carelessly wounded her feelings, by repeating what might only be a report, he had resolved to seek Sidney, and learn the truth from his own lips. Should the reported engagement to Miriam Herbert prove true, Captain Lawson determined to lose no time in seeking the lady's heart and hand for himself, and securing what he felt to be a treasure beyond all price. On the contrary, if he found Sidney free and heart whole, he trusted to circumstances to give him a favorable opportunity to inform the young man of what he had discovered. It was a delicate mission, but Captain Lawson knew whom he had to deal with, and the importance of Sidney's answer to his own happiness urged him to lose no time in obtaining it. He had come to all these conclusions before he paid his farewell visit at Sir Richard's, and was only strengthened in his resolve on witnessing the emotion Alice betrayed at the sound of the beloved name.

Alice said farewell to her new friend and admirer with an almost envious feeling, inwardly wondering what he had done to deserve the happiness of so soon meeting Sidney, and little dreaming that the handsome man, whose good heart could be read in his countenance, had a very clear idea of what was thus passing in her mind.

It is true, she thought he held her hand, at parting, just one moment longer than was necessary, and that there was a look in the clear eyes, so earnestly bent on her own, that spoke of something more than mere friendly regard for her health. But Alice had not vanity enough to suppose she had touched the heart of the rich and handsome Captain Lawson, whom half the young ladies of his acquaintance would have given up all their beaux for the sake of winning. Therefore, in her simplicity, she only set the captain down, in her mind, as an exceedingly pleasant acquaintance, far superior to the generality of their London friends, and in return for his kindness bid him adieu with even more than her wonted cordiality and sweetness.

We must now leave our friends in London, to recover from the excitement of the wedding, and the rather gloomy feeling that pervaded each mind after all was over, and follow the footsteps of the wanderer. In an elegant apartment, where every object bespeaks the taste and refinement of the occupants, and the evidences of sweet womanly fancies are scattered on every side, we again meet our hero.

His brow is no longer gloomy as when last we saw him, leaving his home and friends, but there is sadness in the glance of those beautiful eyes as they rest on the form reclining on a couch beside him, and as he leans his head on the carved back of the old-fashioned arm chair, we hear a sigh, rather too sorrowful to be breathed by one who has scarcely seen his twenty fifth summer.

The lady on the sofa appears to think so, too, for, opening her eyes and leaving her comfortable position, she bends over the old chair, and with the whitest hand in the world, and the softest touch, smooths back the dark curls from his forehead, at the same time gently reproaching him for being so gloomy. She is a lovely comforter, this same tall, spiritual-looking girl, with her large black eyes, and pure complexion. As she bends over the arm of the young man's chair, we cannot help comparing her to the delicate, easily crushed Calla, so graceful are her movements, so frail is her appearance. He must be a monster, indeed, who could withstand the sweet pleading and winning smiles of Miriam Herbert; and as Sidney is quite the reverse of hard hearted cruelty, he immediately resumes his usual pleasant manner, and after insisting on her again taking possession of the sofa, draws a reading-table to her side, and selecting a favorite book, commences to read aloud.

It was a sweet scene, that beautifully furnished room, with its open windows shaded by delicate green silk drapery, the costly vases filled with choice flowers, the books, the harp, the velvet-cushioned furniture. On the walls hung choice engravings and landscapes, the favorites of the young mistress, and as Captain Lawson stood beside his friend in the open door-way, and leisurely surveyed the scene, he could imagine no addition to add to the beauty of the picture, save always the presence of a certain fair haired maiden, who rarely left his thoughts. Sidney hastily laid down his book, and rose to meet his friend. After the first confused words of welcome were over, and Mr. Herbert had taken his seat on the sofa, with his arm round the slender waist of his sister, and was making fond inquiries about her returning strength and health, Captain Lawson expressed his wish for a few moments' private conversation with their guest.

There was something in his tone that startled the young man, and grasping his friend's hand with sudden violence, he exclaimed:

"My mother, my cousins?"

"Are all well, Harwood. Don't be alarmed; I wish to ask your advice, that's all;" and re-assured by his pleasant smile, and the cordial grasp of his friend's hand, Sidney prepared to accompany him to his home. There was an eager eye watching the parting between Sidney and the fair Miriam, for love displays itself in trifles, but the captain found himself at fault this time, for his young friend appeared to share with her brother in a constant tender care for the invalid, and it was difficult to determine what was his motive. It might be love, it might be only friendship.

When they arrived at the house, and were safely ensconced in what Sidney called his "shell," or hiding place, where, weary and low spirited (as was frequently the case since leaving England), he first placed his friend in his own favorite easy-chair, then brought out a bottle of wine, and then announced himself ready for business.

Captain Lawson commenced the conversation by giving him an account of Florence's wedding, and then cautiously approached the subject of his engagement to Miss Herbert. For a few moments, there was an angry flush on Sidney's cheek, as he leaned his forehead thoughtfully on his hand and pondered on the strange question. But soon the frown passed away, and with a look that sought to read the other's meaning, he replied:

"I am at a loss to know your motive for asking me that question, Captain Lawson, but as I believe you to have some better one than mere curiosity, I do not hesitate to answer it, and here assure you, that to Miss Herbert I bear no nearer relation than that of a friend, a sincere friend."

For several minutes, there was silence in the little room, and then the captain proceeded to inform his astonished hearer of the circumstances attending the sudden illness of Alice, and his own share in it.

"I know you are too honorable to make any ungenerous use of what I have now confided to you, and if another possesses your heart, and you are unable to return your cousin's affection, let what has passed between us this day be buried forever in our breasts. I am only too happy to have the slight chance, thus afforded, of supplanting you. But if you love her, hasten at once to do away with the false impression I so unintentionally made, and I will conquer my love in time."

There was no mistaking the generous motives that had prompted his actions now, and Harwood was deeply touched by his last words.

"I cannot be as generous as you are, Lawson," he exclaimed, rising and grasping the hand extended to him. "Your words have given birth to visions of happiness such as I never expected to realize in this world, and I am quite unable to express the gratitude I feel for your generous kindness. There is but one drawback to my happiness, and that is the thought of leaving the Herberts. They have met with reverses, lately, that have compelled him to resume his profession, in order to support his sister, and supply her with those luxuries to which she has been accustomed. They have found but few acquaintances, and with the exception of myself, no intimate friends. Miss Herbert feels her brother's frequent absences keenly, suffering, in consequence, from extreme low spirits and nervousness, and it has been my constant endeavor to supply his place, and amuse her lonely, and frequently suffering, days."

"My time will be at my own disposal for at least two months," the captain answered, "and if I can be of any service or benefit to Mr. Herbert and his sister, most willingly will I promise to supply your place as far as lies in my power."

It was soon arranged that Sidney should depart on the morrow, and after dinner, they returned to Mr. Herbert's, to acquaint them with the sudden change in their friend's plans.

That Miriam Herbert had a sincere regard for Sidney, her grief at their approaching separation gave plain proof; and that she had entertained no tenderer sentiment, was equally evident from the undisguised manner in which she displayed that grief.

"I know how selfish I am, but you have soothed many a sad hour for me, and I cannot help dreading the cheerless days I shall spend when you are gone."

Sidney sat at the end of her sofa, with his hand smoothing the soft wavy hair from her forehead. His heart was full of happy hopes, and he knew that joy awaited him in his home, and yet at the sight of her sorrow he felt half tempted to resign his own happiness, and remain with this poor motherless girl, who had not one relation in the world, besides her brother, and to whom he had rendered his presence so necessary. Mr. Herbert looked deeply grieved at the prospect of parting with one he loved so well, and from whose society he had derived much pleasure. The only hopeful countenance was Captain Lawson's, and after waiting until the first sorrowful exclamations were over, and each one had become calm, he very quietly left his place, and seated himself beside Miriam. There was a candid honesty about all this gentleman said or did, that invariably impressed people in his favor, and when he, with respectful kindness, offered his services to attend Miss Herbert in her walks and rides, and supply, as far as he could, the place of her brother, both the brother and sister felt comforted, and warmly thanked him for his kindness.

If Captain Lawson had felt as if he was making a sacrifice, in offering to share with poor Herbert the charge of his invalid sister, he was repaid at parting, when he held her little hand in his own, and heard the grateful words:

"I am contented to suffer, while Providence sends me such kind friends."

Nor did he think the less of his young friend, when he saw how deeply he was affected at parting with this beautiful girl, whose patient sweetness possessed so strange a fascination, and whose frail health rendered it extremely doubtful that they should ever meet again.

It was a dark, damp, London day, gloomy and forbidding enough, but all unheeded by Sidney Harwood, as he drove from the station to his uncle's residence. His heart beat loudly, as he stepped from the carriage and hastened up the steps, in the expectation of so soon beholding his dearest earthly friends.

His arrival was quite unexpected, and he was a little disappointed to learn that Sir Richard and Mrs. Harwood were both out. However, Miss Alice was at home, and should she be informed of his arrival? No, he would inform her himself; and leaving the servants to speculate on his sudden appearance, and unusual high spirits, he bounded gaily up the stairs. He had to pass through several rooms, and cross two long galleries, before he reached Alice's favorite recess, and by the time he arrived there, his mood had changed, and he was thinking of the last time he saw her, and their sad parting. It might be that Lawson was mistaken, that after all she did not love him; but no, he would not indulge gloomy thoughts now, and, softly advancing, he beheld the object of his search deep in the perusal of a pile of old letters—letters that had a very familiar look to him. He thought she looked very pale, and his heart smote him at the thought of how many sad hours his gentle cousin must have passed.

With a quiet movement, he withdrew the curtain, and standing beside her, spoke her name. He did not feel hurt, now, that she bashfully shrunk away from his embrace, for he knew her secret, and only strove to calm her agitation. Seating himself beside her, he placed his arm round her waist, in the old familiar fashion, and commenced a general conversation on the passing events of the day. He waited, expecting to hear her make some inquiries about his new friends, but Alice would not trust herself to speak about what she could not even think of calmly. Finding that she did not mention them, he ventured to allude to Miss Herbert, and was quite satisfied with the result of his experiment when he saw the color rush violently to her face, the little hands start convulsively, and felt her whole form quiver beneath his encircling arm. It was easy, now, to guide the conversation as he wished, and it was an interesting study to mark the changes in the fair face beside him, as he explained the terms of friendly intimacy that existed between himself and the Herberts. Once convinced that he was still her own dear cousin, free from all engagements, and rejoicing at his return home, Alice resumed much of her old manner, and chatted and laughed as she had not done for many long months. Still there was a little reserve, and Sidney hastened to put an end to it. Asking what she had done with his likeness, he unclasped the hand that concealed it, and after thanking her for the care with which she had guarded it, and the honor bestowed on him by her wearing it, he held the little hand firmly in his own, and bending down his head, whispered sweet words in her ear.

Very pleasant words they appeared to be, judging by the effect they had on the fair listener at his side, who no longer attempted to free herself from the strong arm thrown around her, but sat calm and very still in her happiness. There was no need to ask her if she loved him—he read it in her countenance; and if his heart beat with less passion than he had once felt for Florence, his love was none the less pure and holy. A calm sense of content and happiness filled their minds, and for hours he sat there, holding her to his breast, and watching her ever-varying countenance, changing under the influence of his words.

There was general rejoicing in the household when it became known that the young master had returned to marry Miss Alice, and every one rejoiced in their happiness, from good old Sir Richard, who saw his long cherished wishes fulfilled in the union of one of his daughters to the heir of Harwood, down to the old servants, who in Alice beheld the counterpart of her fondly loved mother, the late mistress of Harwood Hall. Sidney paid the most devoted attention to his young betrothed, studying her wishes, and striving to please her, with unremitting devotion, in the hope of atoning for all she had suffered on his account. His endeavors were rewarded by his own increased affection for the object of such fond solicitude, and what he had at first done through a sense of duty, soon became a joy and delight.

They were married soon after the family returned to Harwood Park, in the parish church, and by the good old minister who had baptized herself and sister. There were no fashionable guests, no extravagant displays of dress and jewelry—all was conducted to suit the quiet taste of the bride; and if there was less pomp and show than had attended the marriage of Florence, there was far more joy and happiness. A grand entertainment was provided to the numerous tenantry on the Harwood estate, to celebrate the marriage of the heir, and the occasion was one of general rejoicing.

They made a journey to Scotland, and on his return, Sidney was agreeably surprised at receiving a long letter from his friend Lawson, congratulating him on his felicity, and announcing his own intended union with the beautiful Miriam Herbert.

"Her brother is sacrificing health and happiness in his endeavors to maintain the same style of living to which they have always been accustomed. They are too proud to accept favors from a stranger; what can I do better, than to make the dear girl a sharer in the blessings that have been bestowed on myself? You may smile at the difference in our ages and dispositions, but I feel that we are admirably suited for each other, my cheerfulness having the happiest effect on her low spirits. I am quite certain that I could not love a wife always gay and blooming. There is a world of happiness in knowing that my gentle Miriam clings to me as a safe support, and is dependent on my love for her every joy and comfort."

There was a mischievous look in Sidney's bright eyes, as he watched the admiring expression of his wife's countenance, when she perused this characteristic epistle, and when she claimed his praise for the generous writer, he quietly told her how deeply concerned that writer had once been in her own affairs.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OPAL SEEKER.

BY HARRIET A. DAVISON.

Inhabiting the great steppe of Orenburg, in the southwestern part of Russia, are the Kirghises, the only tribe of Tartars who still preserve the peculiar national physiognomy and mode of life. This tribe still live in tents, and are hospitable, peaceful and courageous. Zagatai was one of the *khans*, or princes of this tribe. His family consisted of himself, wife, daughter Yemeria, and a young man, Alkeheli.

Some years ago, there came, one winter night, to the opening of the tent, an old man, mounted on a jet black horse, and bearing in his arms a young child. The old man was ill and weary, and seemed scarcely able to keep himself from falling from his jaded steed. Zagatai took the child from his arms, and assisted the old stranger into the tent with ready kindness, and every effort was made to revive him. But all attempts were unavailing; disease and fatigue had done its work, and in the course of a few days, the old man breathed his last, after having consigned his little Alkeheli to the care of the good khan, Zagatai. The old man evidently did not belong to any of the Tartar tribes; but all attempts to discover who he was, or where he came from, were fruitless; and so the little Alkeheli grew up in the khan's tent almost like a son. At the time my story begins, he had reached the age of twenty, and was tall, handsome and brave.

The night was dark and stormy, for it was late in the fall, and winter gave unmistakable signs of his approach. Alkeheli had sat in a distant corner of the tent, apparently absorbed in thought. Suddenly he arose, and seating himself near the old khan, began to talk earnestly to him. The conversation did not last long, for, with flashing eyes, old Zagatai sprang up, and seizing Alkeheli roughly by the shoulder, he thrust him through the opening of the tent, exclaiming, at the same time:

"Out, beggar! Must years of kindness be repaid by such presumption and ingratitude? This tent is closed on you forever!"

Alkeheli stood trembling with rage and despair in the biting wind and driving sleet.

"Holy Allah! aid me now!" he exclaimed; and at his voice, his faithful horse came and stood patiently beside him. While he was fondling his horse, the face of Zagatai appeared through the door of the tent, and with a sort of malicious accent in his voice, he said:

"You will have time now to march for the jewel Prince Gortschakoff has offered a reward for."

"Cursed jewel!" exclaimed Alkeheli; and with arm thrown over his horse's neck, he walked away from the tent. In sudden desperation, he exclaimed: "Yes, though summer is the time, yet through cold and storm I will search for that devil's stone, the opal, for my darling, golden-haired Yemerai is a more precious jewel. You, dear Maleck," he added, patting his horse, "must leave me, for crags and caves are not fit footholds for you."

So speaking, he sent his horse back, and dashed off towards the mountain, there to search, while life and strength remained, for the precious jewel which was to purchase happiness for himself and Yemerai. All through that dreary night, he toiled, showing no fatigue, insensible to cold, in fact, indifferent to everything, save that he was nearing the mountains where some few opals had been found, and he, perhaps, might find one large enough to enable him to claim the promised reward, and his almost idolized Yemerai, too.

After days of weary travel, he reached the nearest mountains and began his search. In hollows and caves, on peaks and crags, Alkeheli sought for that jewel which ever seemed to elude his grasp. Beset with wolves, faint with hunger, he sought patiently and bravely. Three weeks he had sought, and one bitter cold day, when the sleet pierced to the very bone, with his sheepskin mantle all torn and wet, his boots gone, and bare feet exposed to the biting cold and sharp rocks, faint with hunger and weak with fatigue, Alkeheli sank down upon the freezing ground to die. Languidly he turned his head, as he heard the sound of the hungry wolves, when he saw, Allah be praised! flashing out from a little crevice, a huge fire-opal, larger than in his wildest dreams he ever hoped to find. With hands trembling with eagerness, he dragged and tore it from its hiding-place, and he kissed it and wept and laughed with joy. What cared he for hunger or cold, now? Yemerai would soon be his own.

Not very long afterwards, a lean, haggard man presented himself before Prince Gortschakoff, gave him a huge opal, and received the reward. Near the tent of Zagatai was pitched another, and in it dwelt Alkeheli and his fair golden-haired Yemerai. Alkeheli is now a khan, having succeeded to that title upon the death of Zagatai, and in the hilt of his dagger, blazes and flashes a beautiful opal, a mere speck compared to the one he sought and found, but he bears it as a memento of his success. From that time the jewel, which had always borne the name of devil's stone, and been considered accursed, came to be looked upon as an emblem of happiness and good luck.

Crotchets and Quavers: or, Revelations of an Opera Manager in America. By Max Maretzek.

This is the taking and selling title of a spicy book about to be issued by S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York. It is written in a dashing style, and its revelations are at once gossipy and piquant. From the proof sheets of this work, we extract some specimens of our manager's experience:

"NORMA" IN PHILADELPHIA.

The house was full; the overture had been played by the orchestra; the *tenor* had sung his *caratina*; and the *blonde* and bewitching Truffi appears upon the stage. A tremendous reception is awarded to the *Norma* of the hour, who receives it as a really savage *prima donna* invariably receives applause, with a tender grace that is truly touching. She sings a few bars of the recitative, staggers, and falls upon the stage, fainting. Druids, call boys, and Roman soldiers, rush towards her. *Oroveso* brings a glass of cold water, and *Adalgisa* applies a smelling-bottle to her nose, but she does not move. *Pollio* calls on his Italian gods in no very choice Italian; a cockney carpenter vents an oath such as are sworn upon the banks of the Thames, and nine-tenths of the male chorus swear as lustily in German as the *lanz-knechts* were wont to do. As for the parquet, it shrieks with laughter; from the boxes breaks a storm of hisses, while the gallery hoots in wrath or yells with delight at the unwonted spectacle. Mr. Fry is about to rend his hair, but thinks better of it as he remembers that he wears a wig. The curtain comes down, and the manager walks before it, announcing that "in consequence of Signora Truffi's sudden (he lays an ugly emphasis upon this word) indisposition, the money (here, I thought I heard him groan) would be returned, or the tickets (in saying this, his face recovered from its previous gloom) might be retained for the next performance."

So ended the first night of the season in Philadelphia.

A WESTERN FARMER AND "OLE BULL."

A highly respectable and well dressed individual, who proved to be a western farmer, but who might have been anything else that was doing well in those "diggings," issued from the door of the hall, with both hands plunged into the pockets of that garment which it is impossible for me to name. Looking round him, his eyes lit upon my face, which he seemed to imagine might be the property of one who was an inhabitant of the city for that night only. So, striding up to me, he placed his broad hand, drawn for that purpose from one of his capacious pockets, upon my shoulder, and thus addressed me:

"Look a here, stranger, do you belong to this show?"

"I have the honor to do so, sir. Can I be of any use to you?"

"Ah! yes. Can't yer let a fellow know when all this confounded fiddling" (what would Ole Bull have said, Florentino, could he have heard this?) "will come to an end?"

"Don't you like the music, sir?" I blandly inquired.

"Wall, I guess I do like the music, too."

At this I smiled pleasantly, and made him a graceful bow. In those younger days, my friend, I was not considered altogether devoid of grace.

"But it has lasted quite long enough." Here the treasurer laughed. "I say, what's that darned fellow grinning at?" At my questioner's indignant look, the official's face relapsed into an aspect of the most stolid inanity. "I've a great mind to 'lam' him." The treasurer walked off, quaking in his boots. "Wall, he's gone. All the better for him. But, stranger, why don't yer begin with the show? I would just like to see the 'Bull,' that's sartain, and then I'd to home."

Early Rising.—Few ever lived to a great age, and fewer still ever became distinguished, who were not in the habit of early rising. You rise late, and, of course, commence your business at a late hour, and everything goes wrong all day. Franklin says, that he who rises late, may trot all day, and not overtake his business at night. Dean Swift avers, that he never knew any man attain to eminence who lay in bed of a morning.—*Todd.*

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LINES TO AN OLD COQUETTE.

BY H. B. PRINCE.

Thou wert pretty, thou wert fair.
With blue eyes and auburn hair,
And a brow unmarred by care,
Years ago.
Thou knowest, too, full well,
That thou wert called a belle,
And many a youth could tell
It was so.

But your heart was cold as lead,
And giddy was your head;
For you danced more than you read,
Years ago.
And you were quite a pet,
Yet withal a pert coquette,
Making many a lover fret
At your "No."

You have broken many hearts,
With your vain and foolish arts,
Though unscathed by Cupid's darts
You remained.
Yet you've boasted of your might,
And have prated with delight,
Of each poor luckless wight
You've enchained.

As you were free from cares,
Years flew by unawares;
And you thought not your affairs
Soon would change.
But Old Age came riding by,
When you knew not he was nigh,
And your beauty caught his eye
As he ranged.

His love for you was great,
Though you looked on him with hate,
From his clasp you are too late
To be exempt.
Him you could not well refuse,
He demands! but never sues,
And his love you can't abuse
With contempt.

Now you wish youth back again,
For you view Old Age with pain,
And each day you complain
With regret,
For the offers you did slight,
When your beauty had its might,
But the world says "served you right,"
Vain coquette!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TRIAL OF THE BISHOPS:

—OR,—

THE TIMES OF CHARLES I.

BY ARTHUR DEWOLF.

It was the 27th of July, 1687, and Westminster Hall, with its environs, presented a most lively spectacle. There were gathered there men from every corner of England, the sturdy men of Essex and Northumberland, men who loved liberty more than their king, the men of Norfolk, of Suffolk, and last of all, the burly men of Cornwall, all had hastened thither, to witness the trial of those men, who, despite the threats and persuasions of a profligate court and despotic king, dared to speak as they thought.

London was in an uproar, and the mighty concourse of people, of all ages, and all ranks, flocked towards the scene of trial. Long before the appointed hour, was that great hall filled with the excited thousands; loudly did the usher proclaim that no more could be admitted; yet, heedless of his cry, the multitude pressed on, until the vast building was packed to its utmost capacity.

At the furthest extremity of the hall, was erected the stage of justice, once resplendent from its illustrious dignity, venerable from the learning and wisdom of its judges, now debased by fawning parasites, and yet awful from its high authority.

There, looking down upon the mighty assemblage, which rocked to and fro, his lip curling with scorn and contempt, sat the servile Wright; near him, upon the right, sat the ignorant and arrogant Allybone, through whose veins the thick blood flowed sluggishly. There, too, was the bold and honest Powell; and his quick, penetrating eye, noble and yet stern countenance, proclaimed him one not easily daunted, or intimidated by empty threats.

Below the stages, and still on the right, surrounded by all the parasites of the court, sat the crown lawyers. There sat Williams, whose knit brow, deep-set, flashing eye, and thin, sallow countenance, betrayed a fiery and unconquerable spirit. By him, sat the clumsy Powis.

On the opposite side, sat the bishops, with their counsel—men of the most powerful and exalted talents, the determined friends of constitutional liberty, and the sworn enemies of despotic power. There were Sawyer, and Finch, the humane Pemberton, and the stern Pollexefen. There, too, sat the young but strong minded Somers, his countenance betokening unquestioned talent, his large, black eyes flashing with excitement, and a smile of scorn playing upon his thin, bloodless lip, as he fastened his eye upon the servile judges.

Still further to the left, sat the jury, composed of the freeholders of England; and among them, was Michael Arnold, brewer to the palace, whose alderman-like proportions, and scarlet face, rendered him conspicuous among his fellows. A servile tool of the king, he was thought one who would steadfastly oppose the cause of the devoted bishops, and cause the jury to disagree, if not to deliver a verdict sustaining the usurpations of the crown.

Without the bar, were assembled men of every rank and station. In the gallery, close to the prisoners, sat Lord Halifax, and by his side, in all her queenly beauty, was the Countess of Dorchester, known to favor the cause of the bishops. On the other side, almost opposite, sat Clarendon, and the Lady Rochester, her placid eye marking, with calm yet observing scrutiny, every movement which took place below. Far down the hall, in the midst of the multitude, were the profligates Dover, Peterborough, and Mulgrave, who seemed to wish to remain unnoticed and unknown.

The trial had been some time in progress; the evidence was all completed, and the chief justice had arisen to charge the jury, when a noise was heard at the further extremity of the hall, and the usher shouted, "make way for Lord Sunderland." Hope sank within the hearts of the people, as the sedan chair, which bore the apostate, passed by them; and from every part of the hall, deep curses were showered upon the head of the "Popish Dog." On, on, on, passed the sedan chair, in spite of the opposition of the crowd; but now it stopped before the scaffolding on which the judges sat.

Slowly, Sunderland rose from his seat, and with a quick, irregular step, that readily betokened the irresolution and anxiety which were working within his breast, he stood before the court. His face, naturally pale, was paler than was its wont, and his keen gray eye twinkled with excitement, yet otherwise he bore no sign of disquiet. Calmly, he raised his hand, and took the solemn oath. Proudly did he look around him, nor did his eye quail before the glance of any, until it met the quiet, sarcastic gaze of Somers. Then his haughty spirit was humbled; he looked no more around him, but with drooping head, and eye fixed upon the floor, gave in his evidence. He finished; and returning to his chair, was borne from the hall amid the hisses and execrations of the multitude. Even the cautious Halifax was wrought up to such a pitch of excitement, that he cried out, "Spit upon the traitor;" and the shout was taken up by ten thousand voices, and rung through the arches and colonnades of the lofty building.

The apostate's evidence was conclusive; the publication was proved. Still, the dauntless Pollexefen smiled, as he saw the look of triumph which sat upon the countenance of Williams, for well he knew that the most difficult thing yet remained to be proved.

Now came the trial of strength; and for three hours did Pemberton, Finch and Sawyer pour out all their logic and eloquence in favor of constitutional right and privilege.

At length, his long black hair thrown back from his forehead, and his dark, saturnine countenance overcast with gloom, Somers arose. As he commenced, the hurried whispers went around: "Who is he? What is he?" But soon these ceased, and the whole audience was hushed to a pin-fall silence. Slowly he continued, and made bold by the strong belief of the justice of his cause, he hesitated not to rouse still higher the excited feelings of his audience.

He spoke of the tampering with popery, and of the imprisoning the prelates contrary to the privileges of English subjects, and at length, overcome by his feelings, he exclaimed: "The offence imputed to them is a false, malicious libel. False, the petition is not; malicious, it is not; for these men have not sought strife, but have been forced by a despotic king into such a position, that they must oppose themselves to his most royal will, or violate the most solemn obligations of conscience and of honor. They chose the former.

"The Grand Jury of England have delivered their charges; their allegations are referred to proof. That proof is wanting, and by the collective justice and wisdom of the nation the question comes to be determined: 'Are the accused guilty?" I tremble with rage, that I am compelled to ask this question of Englishmen.

"Shall it be endured that a subject of this country must be tried because he has made use of this right of petition? Shall be be condemned without proof, and executed by the sentence of a mock court? If this be law, such a man has no trial. This great hall, built by our fathers for English justice, is no longer a court, but the shrine of a new Moloch, and an Englishman, instead of being judged by God and his country, is made a victim and a sacrifice. I have done."

As the orator sat down, a tremendous shout of applause broke from the silent and eager audience. With the echoes of that shout still ringing in his ears, Williams arose, not to answer, but to palter, not to argue, but to abuse; nor once did he attempt to question or deny what had been asserted.

At length he finished, and the chief justice arose and charged the jury. The scene, the hour, and the almost breathless multitude before him, inspired him with awe; his tone was deeper than usual, and the expression of malice which his countenance had worn during the earlier part of the trial, had given place to one of deep interest. But still he condemned the prelates.

Powell followed, and openly declared the constitution infringed upon, and thought if these things were permitted, liberty would soon flee the land.

The sun had sunk beneath the horizon, leaving behind a sky covered with clouds of every hue; the moon had begun to shed her mild and gentle light over the excited city, before the jury retired to consider their verdict. Midnight came; the pale queen of night still lighted the earth, and illumined the quiet surface of the Thames with a "tremulous bridge of silver," the stars twinkled as they looked down from their vaulted dome; hours passed, and yet nothing was heard from that jury.

All night did Pollexfen walk as guard before the door which led to the apartment in which they were consulting, lest the tools of the king should tamper with them; still, nothing was determined.

The vapors of night were passing away, the eastern sky seemed to rise, and a long line of light to spread along the horizon. Morning had dawned, and as yet all was in doubt. Nothing had been heard from them, no sounds, save those of sharp and angry altercation, had escaped from their room. At length, as the distant clock of Westminster Abbey tolled the hour of six, the door opened. Arnold had yielded, and the jury were agreed.

The news flew like wildfire, the bells of the city were rung, and before eight the hall was even more densely crowded than before. Minutes seemed hours, and seconds minutes; but at length the jury appeared. Not a sound disturbed the silence of the hall; every mouth was closed, and every noise was hushed. Sir William Astry spoke:

"Do you find the defendants, or any one of them guilty of the misdemeanor whereof they are impeached, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," announced the foreman—Sir Roger Langley.

Then there arose a shout which pierced the roof, and reverberating through arches, colonnades and galleries, rolled away into the remotest corners of Westminster Hall, and was echoed by thousands of glad hearts throughout all England. The king was conquered.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FLOUNCED DRESS.

BY MRS. E. WELLMONT.

"The pattern is exceedingly pretty, Lizzie; but what a quantity of work it comprises. Seven flounces, and the lower edge of each to be wrought in button-hole stitch, besides that little heading which it must be difficult to execute neatly. It would look very pretty, daughter, but I don't thiuk our Agnes will find time to do it before we start. Your father expects to hear from the Belle Isle House to-day, which will determine whether we go there or not."

"Well, mother, I must have the dress—it would bear off the palm at any watering-place in this country. You know how young ladies are gazed at in such places, and really the dress seems to form a criterion by which to judge of their position in society. Unless one carries some consequence in name, or fame, or wealth, one is literally pushed aside at such times; so I will carry my passport to public favor with the beaux, in my flounced dress." And every time Lizzie looked at the pattern-plate, she grew more delighted with the style and trimming. But first of all she must secure the material.

Lizzie had already a somewhat lengthy account at the establishment of Bendley & Co. It had vexed her whenever she thought of running up the amount and passing it over for her father's inspection; she was tired of hearing the old stereotyped phrases, "girls are good for nothing now-a-days; why, my sisters never had but one silk gown in their lives, and they only wore it upon choice occasions; none of your flaunting bedizzened stuff hung around their waists; they didn't imitate the men with jackets, and pockets, and sacks, and other tom-fooleries when I was young; it costs more to maintain you, child, one year, than my father ever spent upon my whole education; you must never run up another bill; I don't like book accounts; I shall speak to this firm about it when I settle with them." Yet whenever Mr. Budd stepped in to adjust his bill at this store, the good-natured book-keeper used to begin in his complimentary vein: "If all our customers were as prompt as you, sir, we should not be vexed with a collector's report—this man out of the city, and that one removed, and another gone into chancery; and your family, too, are very judicious in their purchases—the best articles are always laid before your lady for inspection, for we respect her taste, knowing that a good thing is always the cheapest." Mr. Budd was somewhat flattered by the reputation thus conceded to all parties, and had never yet executed his threat in forbidding Bendley & Co. from trusting his wife and daughter. It would certainly make him appear very mean in the eyes of the firm, and so the threats were reserved for home conversations and chiding.

Lizzie, therefore, had already her memorandum book filled with items; but somehow she gained courage to insert one more sky-blue silk dress, at the cost of thirty dollars; then the trimmings and laces which were added, brought it up to nine more; and "what is forty dollars more," thought she, "to add to my account?—the scolding process must be encountered on pay-day at any rate." Therefore the silk dress and trimmings were ordered forthwith.

When Lizzie returned home, she found her father already there, consulting with her mother about the expediency of paying so high a price as the hotel-keeper demanded for board at Belle Isle. The note from the landlord ran thus:

"My dear Sir,—My terms for board are fourteen dollars per week for each person. I can accommodate yourself, wife, and daughter, and give you two good rooms (parlor in common), for forty dollars per week, which will be my lowest mark; and an answer is immediately solicited, as many are waiting for your decision.

"Your ob't servant, J. Boyce."

"The terms are frightful," said Mrs. Budd; "but everything is so high. Besides, you know it costs us something to live at home. We shall close the house in the event of our going, husband, and Dinah will stay in the kitchen and prepare your dinners, which is one great consideration."

"And how much will my good dinners cost, wife, even at home? We had better shut up altogether, and I will dine at the club."

"Then there will be the extra cost of our washing, father," interposed Lizzie—the truth was, the name of Club House had become rather obnoxious to mother and daughter. Finally, the two prevailed, and Dinah promised to be faithful, and the terms were accepted; and as they were to be complied with in the course of a few days, "our Lizzie" proceeded forthwith to secure the making of her flounced dress. Agnes, the house seamstress, declared she could not do it—it would inflame her eyes, and she had "father's dickeys" to make, and lots of work to do; it must be put out. So Mrs. Bush, the dressmaker, was waited on, who declared her inability to complete the dress before the tenth of August, a period five weeks hence, and her terms would be twelve dollars for the work. It would take an expert button-stitch sewer five days to embroider the flounces; for her part she would not try the experiment for twice that sum; but she employed poor women who were willing to labor upon the lowest terms, articles for living were so high.

"And could you direct me to such an one?" inquired the courteous Lizzie. "I could barter for the dress cheaper than you."

"Why, yes, there is Mrs. Lety, an Englishwoman, who works beautifully; "but she has a sick baby, and a feeble boy, and how in the world she could find time I cannot divine; but if she does it, you will be satisfied with reasonable terms and nice work."

Lizzie took her address, and proceeded forthwith to Dark Alley, where, up three flights of stairs, in a neat, but poor room, she found the woman of her search. She was administering a dose of castor oil to her poor, sick baby. A boy of fourteen, tall, lean and puny, rose, and politely offered her his seat. An elegant embroidered cashmere blanket lay nicely folded upon the work-table, and Lizzie, seizing it, remarked upon the exquisite needle-work.

"And pray how much pay do you receive for this, Mrs. Lety?" she inquired.

"Only three dollars, ma'am; it is the christening blanket for little Rollo Stearns. It must be sent home to-night. He is to be baptized to-morrow."

Mrs. Stearns was a very rich lady, who had the reputation of "grinding the poor," but she gave large fruit parties, and splendid balls, and kept a princely establishment. "Now if such a person can get her work done so cheaply," thought Lizzie, "it is surely no harm for me to try my skill." Thus we see the influence of example.

"Now, Mrs. Lety, for what would you make, after it is all fitted, a sky-blue dress, with seven narrow flounces, each button-holed at the edge, and trimmed slightly at the top, according to the last fashion-plate, and when could I have the same?"

Mrs. Lety looked at the poor baby—a tear stole down her cheek.

"This little wee thing," replied she, "ought to have all my care, but she is the best little creature in the world. She lays for hours in her cradle, looking at me, so busy with my needle, and yet it grieves me to the heart that I cannot find time to carry her out in the fresh air; she is pining for it, and Eddy, my son, who just stepped out, is getting thin. His employer sent him home, last night, and kindly gave him three dollars to take him into the country; but I was obliged to borrow it of him to pay my rent, and now I am afraid Mrs. Stearns will not pay the cash down for her blanket. These rich people often make me wait for my money; they do not consider how indebted the poor are to a little cash to secure their comforts."

Lizzie thought within herself, where in the world should she raise the eight dollars, which was the very lowest terms Mrs. Lety could name, when her work was done. Still, it was her maxim "to trust to luck;" so she carried the flounces that very day, while the dressmaker fitted the waist. There were thirty-five yards of button stitching to be done, besides the heading and making the dress.

Mrs. Lety sighed, as Lizzie inquired "if it could be done in just eight days—a cash job?"

Lizzie soon found her way out in the fashionable thoroughfare, and the recollection of Dark Alley, and poor Mrs. Lety, and the sick baby, and the feeble boy, made little impression. She was about going into gay scenes, and the inequalities of life were foreordained. She only hoped her flounces would be done nicely, and finished at the time. Her mother, too, had complimented her upon her "good luck" in getting the work done so cheaply.

The next morning, Lizzie complained of bad dreams. She called, the next day, to see how her flounces would look. Mrs. Lety had sat up all night, and finished one of them already. She was hindered in the day, by the sick baby. Lizzie pitied her, but it did not occur to her if she partly prepaid her, what a burden it would remove from that worn spirit. She forgot even to be grateful that *she* was not poor.

In eight days after, Lizzie was among the gay throng at Belle Isle. Her dress was completed; it was the most splendid one that had appeared. The workmanship was exquisite. But she had sent her father's porter for it, and requested him to ask Mrs. Lety to make out her bill, and when she returned to the city, she would call and pay for it.

"I pitied the woman," said the porter; "her baby had just breathed its last. The mother bent over it in agony. 'Poor thing,' said she, 'I fear I have neglected it, but I felt obliged to work, as I promised the job, and expected my pay as soon as it was executed.'"

"An' faith," said Jeremiah, "here's a five-dollar bill, if 'twill do you any gude. It may help light the baby through purgatory."

"The babe is already in heaven," replied Mrs. Lety; "but it will give it a decent burial, as the undertaker gives me his services."

Lizzie appeared that evening in her flounced dress, and was the admiration of the crowd. She had recommended her friend, Ada Sumner, to Mrs. Lety, to do a similar job, but when she sought her, Mrs. Lety was not to be found in Dark Alley. The good angels had borne her away to the Father of spirits, and her weary head was at rest. Her sick boy had found a home with his employer, and there was no bill ever made out for the flounced dress. Such "deferred accounts" may be called up when the glare and follies of life have passed away, and there is no distinction, save that which character bestows, at the Great Tribunal of Justice. We should dread to settle them there.

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Jester's Picnic.

Recently a driver of a team, used for hauling cars on the Market Street railroad, Philadelphia, caught the son of a tavern-keeper on one of the cars while it was in motion. He took the boy off and gave him several cuts with his whip. Some of the tavern-keeper's neighbors saw the act and made quite a noise about it, and informed the father of the boy. He (the father) let on to be very indignant, and told them if they would show him the driver he would settle with him. The driver was watched for, and when seen the father was informed of it. The team was stopped, and the driver was invited in the tavern, and asked if he was the man who had struck the boy!

"Yes," replied the driver, "and I shall do it again if I catch him on the cars."

The indignant father put his hand violently in his pocket and drew out a dollar, which he gave the driver for the good service he had thus performed.

An Irishman, who had served on board a man-of-war in the capacity of waiter, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrail. After rowsing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself:

"Sure, it's as long as to-day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship! Bad luck to the arm or the leg it'll lave me at last! What! more of it yet! Och, murther! the sa's mighty deep, to be sure!"

After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labor, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the officer of the watch, he impatiently exclaimed:

"Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"

The Salem Gazette says, that the wife of a gentleman of that town recently took into her service a girl who had just arrived from Ireland. The other morning she accosted her mistress with the exclamation:

"They've been playing a trick on us! There's been a boy all about the neighborhood, sticking wet paper in everybody's door."

Her employer replied, "it was only the newspaper."

"O, no!" she answered, "it could not be the newspaper, for it was wet. And I rolled up the one at our door, and flung it after the blackguard, as soon as he was out of sight."

The blunder cost the editor a fresh paper, but paid its cost in a good laugh.

"Is tender sensibility peculiar to confectioners in this country?" asked the Brahmin Poo-Poo of Old Roger in Washington Street, pointing towards Heilge's window.

"Not that I know of," replied Roger, slowly, as if ashamed to give up at once; "why do you ask?"

"Because," said the Brahmin, "from a glance in every confectioner's window, I see that they all sell candy in broken size."

Roger whistled audibly, and made a wild gesture, as if about to jump over an omnibus, but simmered down to a faint smile.—*Boston Post.*

Eloquent Passage.—The light of the lamp was dying in the socket, the midnight clock swung heavily aloft, and its brazen tones sounded loudly on the frozen air; it was the hour when disembodied spirits walk, and when murderers, like the stealthy wolf, prowl for their prey; the lonely watcher shuddered as he heard the slight noise at the door; big drops stood on his pale brow, the door gently opened, and in came a strange cat!

A young lady thus describes her feelings, and courts sympathy.

My heart is sick, my heart is sad—
But oh! the cause I dare not tell—
I am not grieved, I am not glad,
I am not ill, I am not well.

I'm not myself—I'm not the same:
I am—indeed, I know not what;
I'm changed, in all except my name—
O, when shall I be changed in *that?*

THE USE OF MONEY.

A vain man's motto—Win gold and wear it.
A generous man's—Win gold and share it.
A miser's—Win gold and spare it.
A profligate's—Win gold and spend it.
A broker's—Win gold and double it.
A fool's—Win gold and lend it.
A gambler's—Win gold and lose it.
A sailor's—Win gold and cruise it.
A wise man's—Win gold and use it.

A late witty member of the Scottish bar was one Sunday in church when he heard a sermon which only breathed abuse and fulminations against Satan. After listening patiently to the tirade until its close, the barrister slyly whispered to his friend next to him, "I should like to be heard on the other side." Natural enough for a lawyer, and quite in the way of business.

A local newspaper says: "A marriage was solemnized at Darton, on Monday, which excited much interest in that locality. In the procession were seven asses gaily decked out." A heartless and disrespectful wretch, whom Mr. Punch instantly kicked out of his office, remarked, on reading the paragraph, "What a fuss to make about five more than ordinary."—*Punch.*

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